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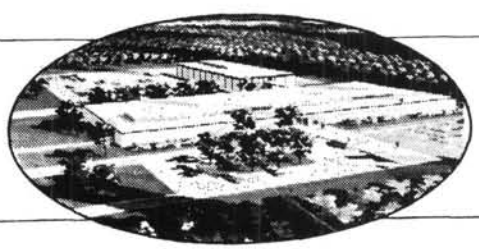

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We feature a fair, or at any rate symptomatic, sampling of the major books of the spring publishing season. Leading off, **Robert Drake,** from his professorial bench in the University of Texas' English Department, hands down his carefully annotated opinion on the longest-expected novel in American literary history: *Ship of Fools,* Katherine Anne Porter's account of a trip down the whirling circles of the twentieth-century inferno. In spite of qualifying *obiter dicta,* Professor Drake concludes with a clearcut verdict: "well worth waiting twenty years to read." . . . **Forrest Davis,** long mentor to the citizens of Ohio through his Washington column in the *Cincinnati Enquirer,* comments on Stephen Shadegg's biography—neither the first nor the last of a species sure to increase and multiply—of his many-sided good friend and neighbor, the phenomenal Barry Goldwater. . . . NATIONAL REVIEW editor **Willmoore Kendall** exercises his political scientist's tools in examining the corpus of Eduard Heimann's *Reason and Faith in Modern Society,* a book that manages to combine, Mr. Kendall finds, great intelligence and many insights with standard social-democratic errors.

➔ NATIONAL REVIEW poetry editor **Hugh Kenner,** of the University of California's Santa Barbara campus, explains many things about twentieth-century poetry in general as he analyzes the new volume that collects poems of that meticulous and discriminating Dean of Women Poets, Marianne Moore. . . . The author of *Revolt on the Campus,* still the country's youngest daily newspaper editor, **M. Stanton Evans,** ponders, as a committed Protestant, the evolution of a segment of Protestant faith into a Social Gospel based on the word according to Liberal secularism. For case histories, he takes two books *(The Churches and Rapid Social Change, Man in Rapid Social Change)* newly appearing under sponsorship of the World Council of Churches. . . . To complete the canvas, **Theodore Sturgeon** is led by remarks of two of his famed science fiction confrères to note the deadening effect of that same Liberal secularism on what should be sf's exciting, honest and noble task.

➔ Turning back toward the front of the book, we present the full text of the remarkable speech on the meaning, mission and duty of the West that **Brent Bozell** delivered to his 18,000 fellow citizens gathered at YAF's late great Madison Square Garden rally. After the rally, Mr. Bozell went back to Spain, where he has been based since the beginning of last year; but he will return. . . **George M. Pepper** tells a story of a student's day in the life of France's Fifth Republic—a very true story, but of a kind that no longer gets into the papers. Though he has (he tells us) "tried to write the last couple of years," this is, we gather, his first commercially published work. . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** who fortunately knows everything, is able to explain the strange things that have been happening lately in Turkey. ➔

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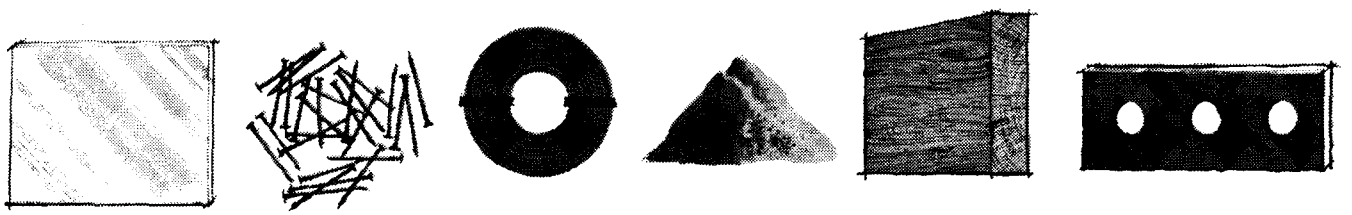

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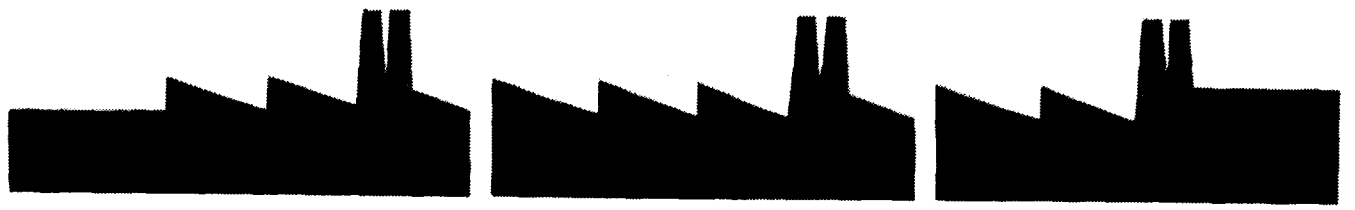

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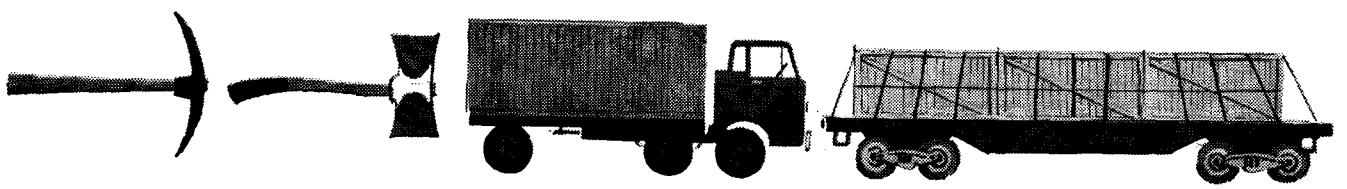

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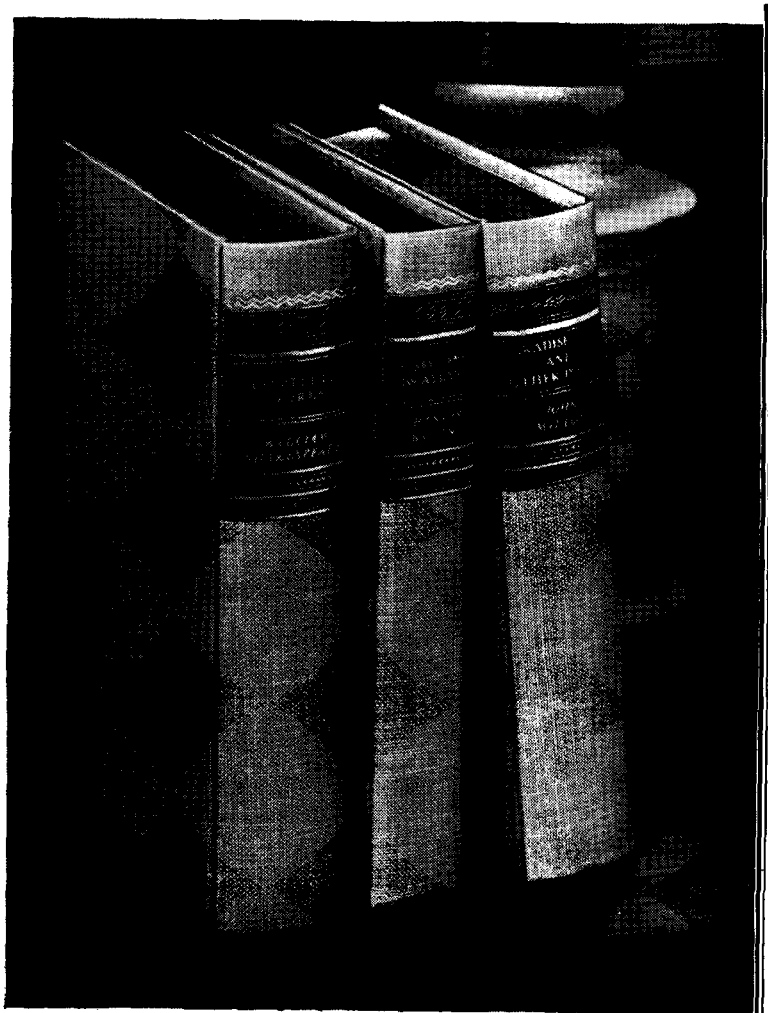

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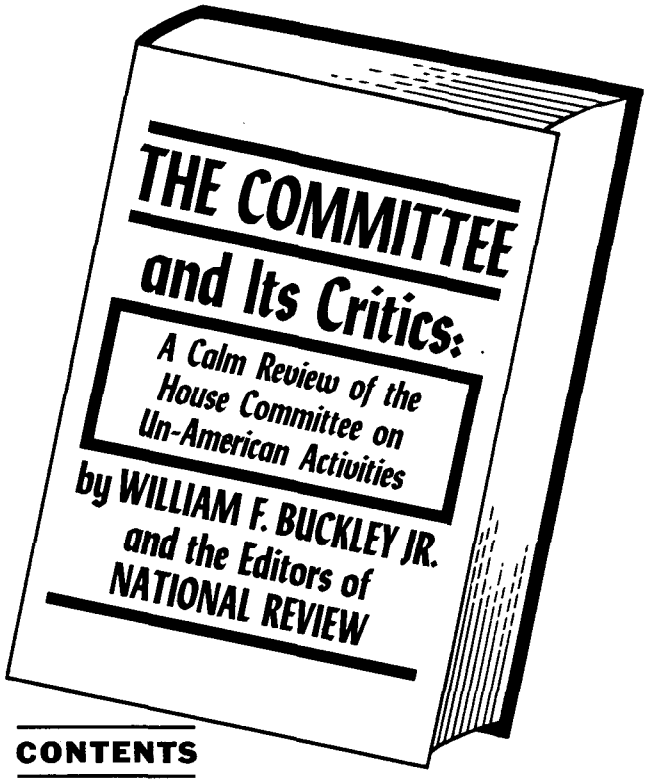
THE COMMITTEE and Its Critics:
A Calm Review of the House Committee on Un-American Activities
by WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. and the Editors of NATIONAL REVIEW

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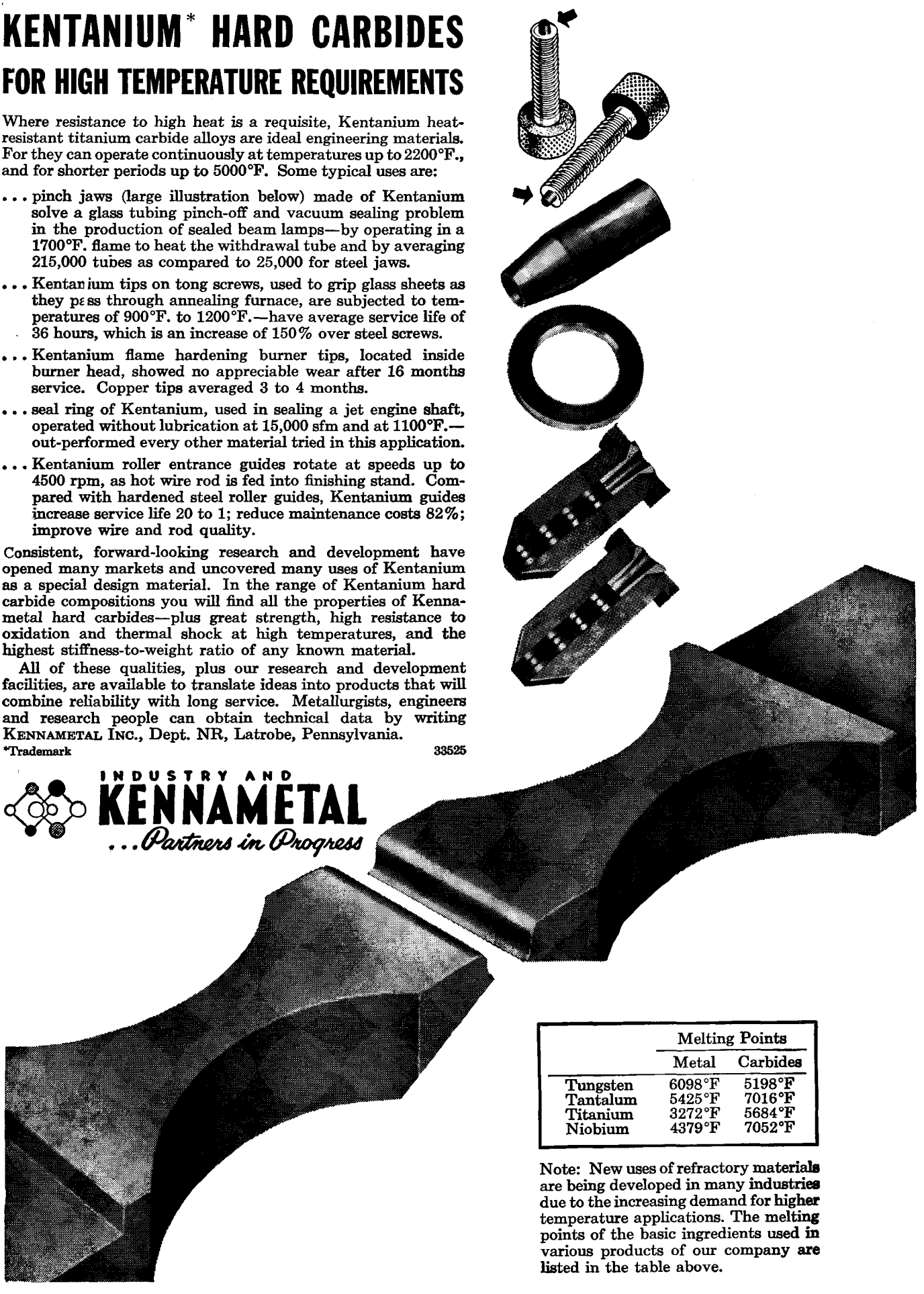

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The WEEK

● *Now you see it, now you don't.* A special committee of that same United Nations which has voted to condemn aggression all over the globe in past months last week voted to adjourn for three years—after still another failure in its fifteen-year attempt to define "aggression."

● De Gaulle's attempt to crush the Secret Army is being presented to us in the conventional rhetoric of Democracy *vs.* Fascism. Our commentators do not bother to explain to us that: 1) de Gaulle is governing France by decree; 2) over the past year, thousands of French officers and civilians in metropolitan France have been arrested without specific charge and are being held without trial; 3) every week, issues of magazines are being suppressed by police action, without trial; 4) de Gaulle openly disregards the Assembly (parliament) and all other of the "intermediary institutions" which make up the structure of all constitutional governments, and bases his rule solely on his personal relation to "the people" as displayed in direct plebiscite—the Caesarist institution first introduced into modern Europe by Bonaparte, in 1803, in order to "legitimize" his assumption of imperial power, and subsequently become the prime political device of Napoleon III, Mussolini and Hitler; 5) de Gaulle so worded the question submitted in the April 8 plebiscite that he may interpret the Yes vote not merely as an option for "peace in Algeria" but as a blanket approval of all his government's acts past and future; 6) the "alienation" of French territory voted on in the plebiscite is explicitly forbidden by the present French constitution; 7) under the constitution Algeria is juridically *part* of France, and its inhabitants are French citizens electing regular members of the assembly, etc.; and yet Algeria was not permitted to vote in this plebiscite which decided the fate of Algeria.

● Representative Walter H. Judd of Minnesota, who has worked the good conservative fields in Congress for twenty years, has announced his retirement, at age 63, from politics. But 63 is not the end of all things, and Mr. Judd's announcement carried somewhat less than epitaphic finality ("Nothing is ever final," he said): a loophole through which Minnesota's Governor Elmer Anderson was simultaneously urging a Republican convention to charge in a draft-Judd play. It all looks like an exercise in intramural political calisthenics, which is sometimes necessary—just as necessary as Mr. Judd's continuing presence, for many years to come, in the House, on the Foreign Affairs Committee, and on the public platforms.

● Two years ago NATIONAL REVIEW's William F. Rickenbacker refused to fill out the household questionnaire of 1960 passed around by the Census Bureau, on the grounds that it was an unconstitutional invasion of his privacy. The Government decided to prosecute him for this offense. His case was tried on March 30. Judge Richard H. Levet has not rendered his decision as yet. During the trial the Government claimed the right to *compel* citizens to reveal details about their bathtubs, sewage systems, and so forth; and the defense (conducted by Mr. C. Dickerman Williams, Attorney) denied the Government has that right. It is not easy for a citizen to challenge the Welfare State successfully in court, but Mr. Rickenbacker has essayed that task.

● After last year's spy epidemic in England, the government commissioned Cyril John Radcliffe to head a commission to inquire just how many British beds Soviet agents are hiding under. The selection of Lord Radcliffe appeased the fears of the anti-McCarthy forces in England (which means, roughly, every Englishman except Colm Brogan), because of Milord's great reputation for objectivity and calm. Now the report is in, and Lord Radcliffe, after exhaustively weighing the evidence and evaluating internal security policies, warns his countrymen that the penetration of the civil service unions by Communists poses a serious threat to British security. It is too early to report on whether England's press, which like our own is given to pooh-poohing any evidence of an internal menace, will take seriously the report of this serious Lord.

● In the business of the Syria-Israel border squabble, the United Nations has once again demonstrated its built-in capacity for mischief-making. Everyone knows that relations between Israel and her Arab neighbors are in general bad; that specific disputes and conflicts—over water, fishing, smuggling, raiding, whatever—frequently arise in the border areas; and that such conflicts will continue until the Middle East makes up its mind, once and for all, whether Israel is there to stay. Peace and order would therefore seem best served by helping to keep these inevitable actions as limited as possible in their repercussions. Instead, the UN has blown up the recent Syria-Israel exchange to a political maximum by carrying it to a formal vote in the Security Council that "condemns" Israel 10-0 and omits any reference whatever to the Syrian provocations that led to the Israeli counteraction. The motive behind this

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flagrant abuse of UN pretensions is not obscure: the wish of the great powers to curry favor with the many-vote Arab bloc. The whole incident is a convincing argument for the proposal that James Burnham brings forward elsewhere in this issue: to eliminate UN votes on "matters of substance."

● Soapy Williams has completed his fourth official visit to Washington and is returning to Africa.

● Holden Roberto, a recent U.S. visitor, and leader of the terrorist attacks in Portuguese Angola which have taken several thousand black and white lives (usually most frightfully) over the past year, announced on April 5 in Léopoldville the formation of an Angolan government in exile. With "the approval of the central Congolese government of Premier Cyrille Adoula," the governmental seat will, until the Portuguese are brought to see reason, be Léopoldville. The government of Cyrille Adoula in turn, it will be recalled, sits in Léopoldville through the exertions of the UN occupying force; and the UN force operates by virtue of the financial and political support of the U.S. So the UN, under U.S. patronage, fights Katanga so that it *can't* become independent; and Roberto, under the UN shield, fights in Angola to *force* it to be independent . . . And the U.S. uses Portuguese air and naval bases to *keep* the U.S. independent. . . . And, well, *you* try to straighten it out.

● General Walker has been using the phrase "the no-win policy" of the United States. Never mind for the moment that, mistaking the raging disease of our time which paralyzes the will, he imputes treasonable motives to the administrators of the no-win program: it is, indeed, as NATIONAL REVIEW has been saying from the moment of its inception, just that—a policy that presupposes that we cannot win against the Communists. We can't recover Northern Laos, can't knock down the Wall, can't drive Castro out of Cuba, can't de-neutralize India, can't recover Albania, can't invade the Chinese Mainland, can't enforce the Smith Act, can't come to the aid of the Budapest freedom fighters, can't—can't even get really mad at the Communists (Lippmann has said it's non-U to excoriate Communists). We can only get mad at General Walker. That's what they call a *constructive* program.

● Poor Mary Edusei, wife of Ghana's Minister of Industries, has got herself into terrible trouble over that $8,000 solid-gold-plated bed she picked up the other day at a London auction. We can't see why the editorial writers (and even the Women's Clubs back in Accra) are all so indignant. After all, there are lots *worse* things that our foreign aid dollars are used for.

For the Record

Republican senators readying blast over persistent reports that Census Bureau is privately conducting opinion polls for the White House. . . . Also in hopper: bipartisan demand that United Nations look into Cuban violation of Geneva Convention on prisoner-of-war treatment. . . . African papers played up compromise on UN bond issue as big victory for Kennedy and UN; they predict early resumption of military operations against Katanga. . . . Rumors that a deal is being prepared over Berlin heightened by report that General Lucius Clay is leaving Berlin post. ("The tipoff: if Gen. Clay resigns from his post as Presidential representative in Berlin in next two or three months it will mean a retreat in Berlin." NR, Jan. 30.)

Communist Worker announces start of $100,000 fund-raising drive to pay legal fees of Party leaders who refuse to register with Justice Department under Internal Security Act. . . . Archie Brown, West Coast Communist leader and star performer in Operation Abolition, convicted of violating an anti-Communist provision of Landrum-Griffin Act. . . . Convicted atom spy Morton Sobell's plea for a new trial turned down last week—for sixth time. . . . In preparation, the curriculum for a course on Americanism vs. Communism to be taught in all Florida public schools.

Old China hands believe Russians have made effort to build up anti-Mao cells in Red Chinese army preparatory to Army putsch against Mao if food situation gets worse on mainland. . . . Algerian FLN now boasting they plan to help "freedom fighters" in Angola, South Africa, Rhodesia once they run Algeria; Ben Bella offering substantial military aid against Israel. . . . French gains in Arab world following cease-fire include: freeing of four French diplomats on trial in Cairo; end of Libyan boycott of French products; announcements that Nigeria, Saudi Arabia wish to resume diplomatic relations.

San Juan Star headlined story of Edward Kennedy's suspension from Harvard this way: "I Was a Teen-Age Cheat."

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No

Fidel Castro now wants 62 million dollars, indicating that inflation is affecting everything, even the cost of human beings. Last spring it was five hundred tractors, which go for a mere $28 million. But since spring, Cuba has gotten poorer and poorer, and Castro reasons that the time has come for foreign aid.

There is a strong moral case to be made for the United States handing over the $62 million. That case rests on our moral obligation to redeem as best we can our betrayal of those brave men at the Bay of Pigs. It was our show, not theirs; we told them they would succeed; we told them we would back them up; *we* failed *them*. We are still free, they are not: but we have it within our power to effect their freedom—though not that of their countrymen, at least not for $62 million; that would cost more.

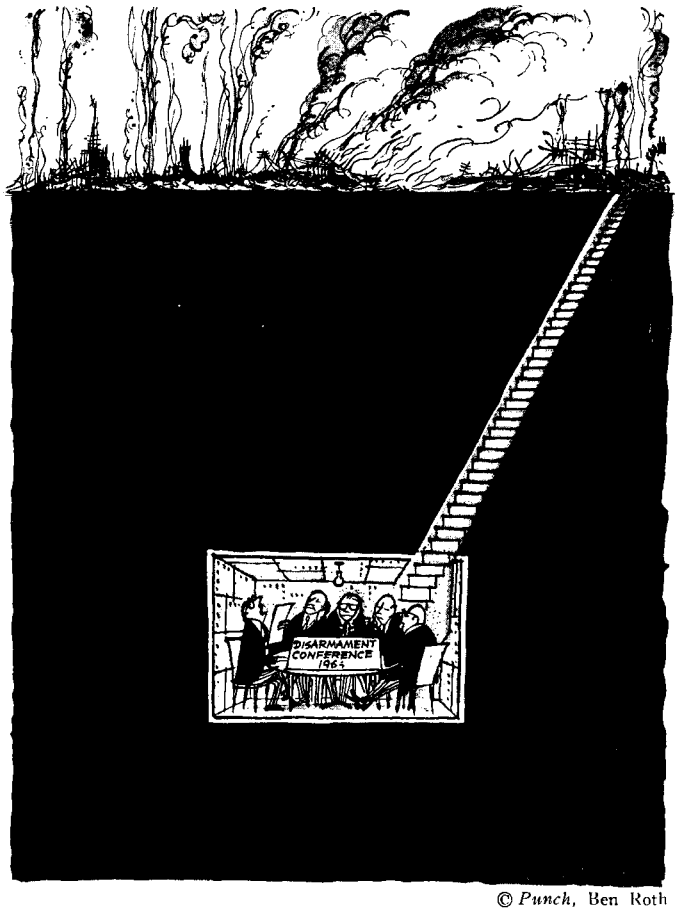
Even so, the Government of the United States must not do it. The loss to our prestige would be severe. If we stood to suffer only from a loss in our prestige, we should proceed to take our humiliation like a man. But others would suffer: the whole pro-Western world would be demoralized by the sight of a great country paying ransom to a swaggering little dictator whose crimes, economic and diplomatic, against America are legion. And we must consider the strategic meaning of an infusion of tens of millions of dollars into the Cuban economy. Our embargo against Cuba, to the extent it is meaningful, requires that we do not simultaneously support a national contrabandist enterprise. It pays to remember that our Cuban policy should aim at the liberation of not merely a thousand, but six million people.

Ratiocination: Washington Post Div.

The cause militant of the *Washington Post* is the abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. No crusader ever lusted more passionately for the recovery of the Holy Land than the *Post* does for the extirpation of the committee of witch-hunters from Capitol Hill. The *Post* people, moreover, are wonderfully resilient. They traffic heavily with the ideological underground (*e.g.*, confidence man Paul Hughes, who took them for thousands of dollars during the Reign of Terror by fabricating anti-McCarthy collectors' items), but manage to appear daily with freshly scrubbed faces, singing hymns to their own intelligence, the great nobility of their souls, and the necessity for destroying Know-Nothingism.

How do they react, typically, when thrown a serious challenge? *The Committee and Its Critics,* put out by the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, is the first serious review of the work of the Committee which does not call hysterically for its immediate abolition. It is written by a dozen men, almost all of whom have independent reputations as scholars or authors or both. The review in the *Post*: "The subtitle calls this a 'calm review' of the most controversial congressional group, the House Committee on Un-American Activities. It calmly reviews everything and decides the Committee has been the savior of the Nation.—Richard L. Lyons."

Thus the *Washington Post's* contribution to the great dialogue through which truth is arrived at.



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"Item Seven on the agenda . . . arrangements for the next Summit meeting . . ."

The Invisible Coup

The best concealed revolution in recent history is in progress in Venezuela where, for the past several weeks, armed bands of guerrillas have attacked militia posts and army installations, and stepped up a campaign of terror in remote villages and towns in the western states. The government of Rómulo Betancourt has clamped a news blackout over the guerrilla operations, but reports filtering through to neighboring Brazil and Colombia indicate the rebel activity presents a serious threat. The rebels, many

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Taps

Almost everyone has been heard from by now, and the verdict is that General Walker be consigned to history's ashcan, and that henceforward his name shall call forth the roars of contempt and ridicule of a people for whom in two years he fought as gallantly as any man ever has in American military history. General Walker went on to fight a third war, which he lost, ignominiously. In words of one syllable, the General made himself look foolish. There are several reasons why. The first is that he doesn't know anything about the American Liberal (you can't fight the Liberals without knowing something about them, and you can't confuse them with Communists); the second is that he has not had the kind of experience one needs to face the soldiery of the Establishment. Someone should have been there at his side to warn him not to feed the sharks.

All right; the General's views were poorly thought out, grossly stated, and preposterous on their face. Satisfied? But let us now call to the attention of the sharks the larger meaning of the Walker case, and see what they do with *that*.

It happens that the President of the United States is primarily a political technician, more clearly so than any this country has ever had. Nobody has the slightest idea what the President really believes (people went crazy trying to find out before the Democratic convention in 1960). The Rule of the Technician set the tone of the new government, spilling over and driving to bizarre lengths the conventional notion of what the military should be permitted to do and say.

General Walker had fought in Korea and there he saw not only that our troops knew very little about the things we were fighting against, but they seemed to know very little about the things they were fighting for. He took the initiative, therefore, when taking over a command in Germany, and devised the so-called Pro-Blue program, under which he sought to instruct his soldiers in the history, strategy and methods of the Communist movement, and in the nature of the Western position. His men listened, read and understood; morale soared; he was revered as an exemplary commanding officer.

And then one day he called Eleanor Roosevelt a pink.

It was, let us dutifully admit, an indecorous remark. And it was, technically, a violation of army orders to recommend to his troops, as General Walker subsequently did, a political index on the voting record of congressmen which showed a strong conservative bias. But the howls raised against General Walker were soon extended to include men who had made no such indiscretions, generals and admirals and colonels who were going about the country contributing their special knowledge of Communism to seminars, conferences and public meetings. Senator Fulbright led the campaign: the military are technicians, it was said. They have no right to express themselves controversially. And so the bureaucrats went busily to work, and now no general armed with a truly anti-Communist speech can count on surviving the machine gun fire of the censors. Eventually there grew out of the Walker episode the Senate inquiry into the question whether the so-called muzzling of the military exceeds the bounds of prudence and the Constitution.

Fifteen years ago, it pays us to remember in the heat of our contempt for General Walker, we got together and ceremoniously strung up a bunch of German and Japanese soldiers precisely on the grounds that the military are not mere technicians. The judgment of Nuremberg is in many ways controversial, but surely not insofar as it held that soldiers, even four star generals, are human beings too, and must give allegiance to those elementary moral considerations that overarch the hierarchical relationship of superior to subordinate. Obviously neither General Walker nor others of the censored military were preparing to overthrow the Government of the United States by force and violence. But they were declaring themselves on fundamental issues of our time. The lesson is that members of the military are and should be considered men of independent moral judgment, and the war in which we are now engaged calls for the kind of moral commitment to victory which is a mightier weapon by far than the biggest hydrogen bomb in our arsenal. The military *are* being muzzled by the Kennedy Administration more rigorously than they were by the previous Administration, and the howlers of General Walker two weeks ago should not permit us—or the Senate investigating committee— to lose sight of that fact.

Nor should Edwin Walker's ineptitude permit us to lose sight of the tragic personal aspect of the General's Waterloo in the Senate Caucus Chamber. A year ago he was one of the top generals in the army, esteemed by everyone, entitled, should he choose to retire, to an annual pension of $12,000. He gave up everything—the post, the prestige, the money—out of a lust for his country's welfare, as he understood it. Now he is bedraggled and laughed at by men who wouldn't drink a glass of castor oil to help their country. If it ever happens to any one of you, gentle readers, that you should descend so low, from so far on high, I hope your crime will have been greater than that you called Mrs. Roosevelt a pink.

W.F.B. Jr.

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of them trained in guerrilla warfare in Cuba, are armed with Czech and Bulgarian weapons, including, according to some reports, anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns. The success of the guerrillas, who are operating perilously close to Lake Maracaibo, the oil capital of Venezuela, has strengthened the leftmost parties in the Venezuelan Congress, so much so that they have on several occasions in recent weeks beaten down the government in crucial votes.

On top of this, a fifth column of Communist-led students and Communist-dominated oil workers is ready to spring against Betancourt should the army fail to wipe out the rebels. These developments in Venezuela, like those of the guerrilla movement in Ecuador a week ago, provide further grounds for challenging the theory that if we stand pat and do nothing about Castro, his government will eventually collapse from its own ineptitude.

Needed: More Light

The April 13 issue of *Time* carries a report from the Dominican Republic that should not go unexamined. The report states that since the departure of the last of the family of dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, the facts about the torture and terror system of his Military Intelligence Service (SIM) are becoming known. As described by *Time,* the acts rival the most bestial practices of the Nazi death camps—though a kind of individualized brutality recalls more closely the medieval torture specialists, whose rusty instruments still freeze the souls of visitors to the dank dungeons of Europe's old castles. Trujillo is said to have been involved in tortures as late as 1959, when he personally ordered eight officers to be burned alive. "The presumed dead came to 5,700 in the past five years. The total for the Trujillo regime . . . may run to the tens of thousands."

"Public outrage mounts," *Time* declares. The present Attorney General, García Vásquez, is said to have "investigated the stories." But "what happened to the bodies is still largely a mystery," and, strangely, "only a handful [of the SIM] are under arrest; not one has been tried."

Time has thus put this matter on the table. It is of practical as well as historical importance that the truth concerning it should be known; and known beyond the doubt of reasonable men.

Everyone has long realized that Trujillo was a brute, that he killed many opponents, and ruled during stretches of his career with the help of terror. In such ways he was evil; but yet not different in kind from a good many others of our own and most other ages. What *Time* reports, if true, proves him and his regime to have been quite literally monstrous.

Yet the evidence is tenuous, untested. Moreover it is, as lawyers would say, *ex parte*: from one side only, from the side of those who overthrew Trujillo and replaced him, who were or believed they were injured by him, who hated him or now wish it believed that they hated him.

We should not overlook the political effect of the *present* dissemination of this report of past horrors. In carelessly reasoning minds—that is, in most minds—it will tend to reinforce the popular demonology which sees the Monster and the Enemy always to the Right; the potential partner, with whom one can at least coexist, through that Opening to the Left. More specifically this particular report might suggest to the unwary that Castro is not so bad; no worse and maybe even a little better than the gangsters on the Right—so, let's have Fair Play for Castro's Cuba. . . . And if in a new uprising ("public outrage mounts") Castroites should take over the Dominican Government, well, it would be only natural, considering that the present crowd hasn't even jailed the SIM, considering that there has not yet (as *Time* concludes its dispatch) been "revenge enough."

All this does not make the report false, of course. But *Time,* too, can nod. A little more than a year ago, for instance, *Time* published an even longer, more circumstantial report on the tyranny, torture and terror that Portugal was practicing in Angola. That report proved to be, very largely, false; and it was useful, very useful, to the enemies of the West in a campaign that was at that time just beginning to unfold.

Is it possible that the two reports came from, or through, the same reporter?

Have $500,000,000, Will Travel

President Kennedy has sent to the Congress a message on transportation strangely mixing good with bad. The good is remarkable: for the first time since the ICC was founded in 1887, the White House has admitted that intercity transportation "is seriously weakened today by artificial distortions and inefficiencies inherent in existing federal policies." He proposes that the heads of the rail, air and maritime agencies meet regularly to coordinate their policies. He would foster competition under "*diminished regulation.*" He would levy user charges on the shippers using (federally-subsidized) inland waterways. Rail freight rates would be more flexible, and more under the control of management, the ICC setting only the maximum rates allowable. Subsidies would be cut. And—an idea with startling implications for the administration of the anti-trust laws—regulation of one industry would have an eye to the competition of *alternate forms* of transportation. These ideas, ap-

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pearing mostly in the first half of the message, constitute the ablest thinking yet done at a high government level on this country's transportation system.

But the second half of the message calls for more and more intricate federal intervention, and spending. Direct (why direct?) federal (and why federal?) subvention to workers affected by mergers. A great increase in the regulation of highway transport. Federal direction of urban transportation. A long-range transport plan under a program initially priced at $500,000,000. Loans, grants, "emergency" aid. Congressional approval in advance (why in advance?) of interstate compacts dealing with urban transit in multi-state metropolises.

In sum, the message appears to offer on net not less, but more federal control; not less, but more federal spending. It seems incredible that such proposals should be submitted for a transportation system that is already, despite federal regulation, the best in the world.

The Congress will probably not act on this message. It was submitted late in the session, and that $500,000,000 urban transport plan would be under the control of Robert Weaver, the Housing boss, whose mention as the first head of the proposed Urban Affairs Department had much to do with the Congress' slaughter of that ill-fated measure.

Nevertheless, for the first time within memory a major government message on transportation has spoken, in part, eminently sound doctrine. If the President discovers that the Congress and the public heavily favor the first half of his message and frown at the second, this country might really get moving—on land, by sea, and in the air.

Come Now, Ladies

The story reads: "Fifty American women of the Women Strike for Peace Movement last week called upon President Kennedy to turn over to them a United States military base near the Soviet Union so they could disarm it and turn it into a cultural-exchange center."

Now, let's just think that one over a bit. Just suppose the President agrees. He looks around for a likely spot, remembers there's been considerable trouble with the Dhahran Air Base and offers it to the ladies. First, of course, he'll have to renegotiate the deal with King Ibn Saud. No . . . no, that won't work. Ibn Saud has a rather low opinion of women in general and any Woman Striker for Peace of Jewish origin would certainly be barred. . . . Perhaps the Chateaudun Air Base in France, then? Let's even go so far as to fancy that President de Gaulle (no feminist, he) won't make difficulties over the change in the base's status. So the fighter squadrons fly out, the airmen and their families pack up and the keys are turned over to Mesdames Dagmar Wilson, Martin Luther King and Cyrus Eaton.

And they can get on with it—disarming the base, that is. Will they be content that the planes are gone or will they feel it necessary to blow up the airstrips and dynamite the central tower? And how are they going to go about setting up their cultural exchange? And if the government helps them out again and manages to negotiate an exchange with the Soviet Union, what will all the cultural exchangees do on the Chateaudun Air Base—exchange recipes for Twists and Gopaks?

It was a pretty good public relations stunt but, ladies, it's not a minute too soon to get down on your knees and pray the President doesn't take you up on it.

No Smoking Allowed?

The frantic gyrations of tobacco stocks on world security markets suggest the following summary comments:

1. *Smoking and Health,* the new report of the British Royal Society of Physicians, repeats what has been objectively established for some years: that there is a positive causal correlation between heavy cigarette smoking and several serious illnesses, in particular lung cancer. This correlation is statistical, not one-for-one. Heavy cigarette smoking is not the sole cause of lung cancer or the other illnesses; nor does it invariably cause these in every individual. Nevertheless, the correlation is proved, and is striking in degree: over a period of years heavy cigarette smokers are (as a group) fifteen or twenty times more likely than non-smokers to get lung cancer.

2. The attempt of the tobacco industry in this and other countries to hide, obscure or distort this fact, in spite of its continuing reconfirmation by one after another inquiry, is becoming an intolerable fraud on the public.

3. The exact causal basis of the correlation is not known. It seems probable that the specific cancer-causing substance in cigarettes will be discovered; and that, when discovered, ways may be found to eliminate it.

4. The public has a right to know the truth about the relation between cigarettes and health; as an absolute minimum, not to be actively deceived concerning it.

5. The illnesses correlated with cigarettes are not contagious; they do not spread from one person to another as "epidemics." They are therefore not a "public health problem" in the same sense as smallpox, plague, tuberculosis or even the common cold.

6. Therefore, the question to-smoke-or-not-to-smoke

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is fundamentally a matter of individual choice. If an individual chooses to risk shortening his life by smoking cigarettes, that is his right: he will take other risks, in any case, if not that one. The only public responsibility should be to make sure that he is not deliberately deceived as to the nature of his risk.

7. Let the truth be known, then, if necessary by stern disciplining of the tobacco industry's lobbying, advertising and public relations; and let the citizens be left free.

8. Let us guard against the danger that if the truth is played around with much longer, we may find that the busybodies have one day saddled us with a new prohibition amendment, this time on tobacco, and another Prohibition Era, with its inevitably attendant bootlegging, gangsterism, crime and moral decay.

All Laosed Up

Dean Rusk, at dusk, heard squawks and said
"There's something ripe in Laos."
So, gun in hand, he quavered forth
"Who's in that chicken haos?"

At this an earnest voice was heard;
It echoed in the dormers:
"There's not a *soul* in here but us
Agrarian Reformers!"

ELEANOR MELLICHAMP SMITH

Richard Almost Nixon

Richard Nixon has seen more of the world, met more of its great, attended more of its lofty councils, struggled with more of its insolubles, and caught more of its rotten eggs than any other major political figure running for the governorship of California. And yet his campaign is dragging, and he has contrived to alienate bloc after bloc of those who might want to follow him.

When he lost the 1960 Presidential campaign, it was commonly argued that his defeat was a respectable one within the limits he had set for himself. For he had chosen to operate as a canny calculator of political vectors, and if he could place himself where 50.0001 per cent of those vectors converged, he was in. His arithmetic turned out to be 99.99 per cent correct—an astounding performance, a respectable failure, but a failure nonetheless.

Now it appears that he may have lost even his arithmetic. He could not win the gubernatorial nomination in his home state without a messy brawl in the primary, and his election campaign up to now seems to have served well only one group in his community: the opposition. Yet he is, surely, a considerable personage, and he knows his field manual. Wherein does he fall short?

Most probably it is an affair of the soul. In Richard Nixon there speaks, deep down but very audibly, a strain of self-doubt, a passion for self-analysis, and the hesitation that flows from the habit of too much examining oneself. In many men these are precious qualities, and in high office they can serve to protect the country from overweening pride, reckless action, arbitrary and whimsical decisions.

But when these qualities are mixed in a slightly wry proportion, they produce a personality that does not carry; a presence without charisma; a policy that seems to lack integrity because it seems to lack conviction, even when it may indeed have been built on the igneous rock of a grand faith. Whence, despite his virtues, we may trace the failure of a man who surely deserves much better than the condescending sympathy of James Reston.

Notes and Asides

We are very happy to report that if NATIONAL REVIEW's annual fund drive yields as much from late-givers (post-April Fool's Day) as it did last year, we shall be with you again, for at least another year . . . Meanwhile, the publishing indices continue to look up. The first issue distributed nationally on the newsstands (the issue of January 16) sold 30 per cent. The second issue sold 41 per cent. It is too early to report accurately on the issues after that one (the returns come in three months after publication date!), but indications are nuzzling up to about 45 per cent, which is the break-even point on the cost of the newsstand copies. The profit will be from the subscriptions that the newsstand distribution brings in. And of course in the months to come we can isolate the drought areas and redeploy our magazines accordingly. Meanwhile, please continue to advertise the magazine's presence (on quality newsstands) to your friends . . . And the final, and juiciest tidbit. The Magazine Publishers Association has just published its semi-annual compilation of magazine circulation increases, covering the second half of 1961. The highest percentage increase (+63 per cent) was registered by *Rudder*, a fine reactionary sailing magazine. The second highest gain is—NATIONAL REVIEW's, with an increase of 49.9 per cent! (Compare *Time* mag's miserable performance of +3 per cent! No, Luce, we *won't* help you draft a fund appeal letter . . .) Yours buoyantly and gratefully,

The Editors

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From Washington Straight

CATO

The appearance of former Major General Edwin A. Walker before the Special Preparedness Subcommittee of the U.S. Senate April 4 and 5 was a painful experience for all concerned. Walker, the very model of an old-fashioned Major General, tough, ramrod-stiff and always on the offensive, seemed totally unsuited for the delicate political combat in which he was engaged.

His opening statement, some 31 pages long, dealt mainly with his relief from the command of the 24th Division and with the *Overseas Weekly,* the sex-and-scandal journal whose "exposure" of his Pro-Blue program he plainly considered responsible for his troubles in Europe. The statement took well over one hour to deliver and the remainder of the morning session was devoted to questioning by the senators—questions which Walker handled reasonably well.

But the afternoon session was a total disaster. The General, very obviously nervous, got himself tangled in the vines of syntax. From this point on, throughout the afternoon and the following day, Walker was all but incoherent. At one point he took twenty minutes to grapple with a question Sen. Strom Thurmond had asked and by the time he finished no one had the vaguest notion of what he had tried to say.

It was pitiful for Walker, a dedicated soldier and patriot, who gave the impression that he was fighting an enemy which lurked somewhere out in the mists, an enemy he couldn't pin down or graphically describe. He simply did not have the weapons or the training to fight this battle.

It was pitiful, too, for the anti-Communist cause, for Walker's confusion became anti-Communist confusion in the press reports of the hearing. Pitiful also for senators like Stennis and Thurmond, who handled the General with infinite courtesy and a gentleness that made believable the legends of Southern chivalry. Both were sympathetic and more than willing to hear whatever the General had to say. But, like everybody else in the hearing room, neither of them seemed to understand what it was the General was saying.

Then there was the incident involving Walker and a newsman. For two days the reporter, Tom Kelly of the *Washington Daily News,* sat at the press table in full view of the witness and led the jeering section. He sneered openly at Walker's testimony, laughed, passed notes to his fellow newsmen and generally egged on others at the press table.

At the conclusion of his testimony on April 5, Walker, tired, jumpy and haggard in appearance, came out to face the cameras. He made a statement to the press and then turned to leave with a comment to the reporters that he would say no more. Kelly ignored this and pursued Walker with a question about the Nazi leader George Lincoln Rockwell (who had been ejected from the hearing room the day before after a garbled comment about Walker being the only man who would say a good word about him or some such nonsense). Walker turned and jabbed Kelly in the eye. The action was unwise by any standard. True, Kelly had spent two days begging for it, but as far as the press was concerned this was what turned a disaster into a rout.

Walker raised questions about important people in the government (questions, incidentally, that have been widely discussed around here for many months) but his vagueness, when pressed for further details, was such that it is doubtful anything more will come of it. The hearings will presumably grind to a halt shortly. The Committee will issue an inconclusive report and mountains of information that might have seen the light of day will remain hidden from the public eye.

Foreign Aid time is here again. The Foreign Operations Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee is currently holding hearings on this year's program and already some of the idiocies built into it are beginning to come to light.

Representative John Rhodes, for instance, found an item on the Inter-American Development Bank's balance sheet which showed that the Bank had received $2.4 million in interest from the United States. How come? Rhodes wanted to know.

General Cutler, Chairman of the Bank, explained that the U.S. had put up its share of the funds in the Bank in interest-bearing securities (the U.S. share was $120 million). Did any of the other participating nations contribute their share in interest-bearing obligations? Rhodes asked. The General's answer: No, just the U.S. The United States had pledged, in effect, not only its share of $120 million, but the yearly interest on that sum.

Rhodes' comment: "This doesn't seem very smart to me. I guess it is too much to ask that we be smart all the time but I think we ought to stop being so darn stupid."

The going is getting rough for certain recalcitrant Democrats on Capitol Hill. One key Southern Democrat who has stood in the way of much of the Kennedy program, so the report goes, is now being brought to heel by threats against some of his business interests. The threats are beginning to work, too. And this is not an isolated case although just how much of this is going on is hard to say. The word is, though, that one important committee is sitting on the results of several investigations because its chairman got the word from the White House to lay off.

The situation has a mouth-watering potential for the Republicans, as one GOP congressman pointed out. "If the Republicans can win control of the House in the November elections," he says, "there are going to be some simply lovely investigations —and the beauty of it is that most of the work on them has been done already."

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Aux Armes, Camarades!

. . . it was only a minor incident, a warning to the American to be more "respectful" to them— the Communist riffraff that runs the Sorbonne

GEORGE M. PEPPER

Paris

A short while ago the house of André Malraux was bombed by someone. M. Malraux was not at home, but a young neighbor, a four-year-old girl, was severely injured, mostly by shattered glass. It is an unpleasant affair when young children (or Culture Ministers, for that matter) are bombed. It seems unpleasant, also that political parties and labor syndicates should capitalize on unhappy events to make political demonstrations that end in new injuries. Perhaps the most unpleasant thing of all is this: there are those who are apathetic to both the bombings and the demonstrations, people who neither approve nor disapprove—they seem not to care; and there are many who forget anyone can set a bomb and scribble the initials of a given organization on the nearest wall. Anyone can do that, including groups which want an excuse for making political demonstrations.

Eight were killed in the Place de la Bastille one night recently during a violent demonstration protesting violence; everyone knows that. I saw the beginning of that night's events, though. That is, I watched the first steps to organize that demonstration and the ones which followed to protest the eight deaths; and more importantly for me, I was affected by their aftermath. I was involved in a minor incident, but one which brought home to me certain truths with a kind of prescience and directness that will preclude my ever again holding the conviction of anti-Communism in a merely abstract way.

I have been living in Paris the last seven disordered months. It happens that I live in the heart of the Quartier Latin and that at the moment I am a student at the Sorbonne. Students are an important part of any Paris street demonstration. When one has been ordered, the first news of it, the hour, the place, these things are announced to the students in the restaurants, or they are given leaflets at the door. At my restaurant, the students are usually addressed by a boy who is important on the Students' Committee of the Communist Party. "Communists, Socialists, antifascists, everyone!" he begins. (He wears sagging brown pants and the same heavy blue sweater every day. His eyes are set very close together and never seem to focus successfully on anything. He is a poor speaker and is nervous when he talks.)

Friday after the demonstration in Place de la Bastille, a curious thing happened. Of the eight killed the night before, four were Communist Party activists. Plans were being made to give them martyrs' burials Tuesday in Père Lachaise Cemetery near the last victims of the Commune. There would be a general strike the morning of the funeral and more demonstrations. That Friday afternoon the students were going to close the Sorbonne and there was to be some small street agitation—by way of preparing for what would follow Tuesday. Here was the curious thing that happened Friday: When the young Communist rose to address us he was shouted down. It was the first time I had seen the students react against one of his speeches. When he got ready to speak I saw him talk a moment with the director of the restaurant. Perhaps he was asking permission to address us. When the students began shouting against him and throwing bread the young man looked very stunned. He stood where he was with a bewildered expression until the director took him by the arm and led him into another room.

The young man and his friends must have been very shaken by his experience, for the following day, when the first plans were announced

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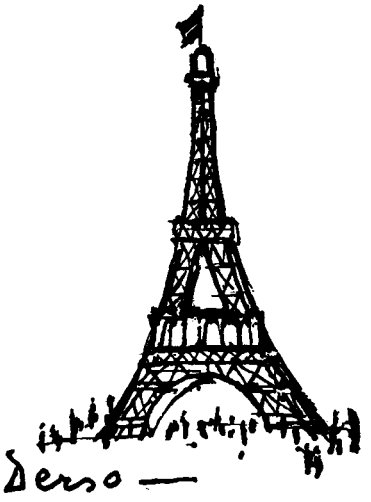
for the next week's demonstrations, he was not the one who spoke to us. We were addressed by a little Spaniard who stood on a chair and shouted his French in a high, scraping voice. The anti-Communists, flushed with their success of the day before, thought they could duplicate it. But the Spaniard's friends were ready now; they had placed themselves at points throughout the dining room. The first protesting shouts were quickly contained to a single table in the rear, and the halting counter-demonstration there choked-off when ten or twelve boys surrounded the last holdouts. The Spaniard finished his speech to great applause and loud foot-stomping.

Between Friday and Tuesday the newspapers gave maximum publicity to the preparation for the coming general strike and the burial of the young Communists. Tuesday morning I slept late. I knew there would be no electricity, no gas, no water, no transportation in the city, my café would be closed, most other places, too. Towards ten o'clock I got up, made some coffee, shaved with water I had saved the night before, and started on a translating job. I switched on my portable radio.

The national radio was playing uninterrupted music (most of the announcers had joined the general strike). Things were being played like Liszt's *Les Préludes,* the second Piano Concerto of Rachmaninoff. I kept thinking of Radio Berlin playing Bruckner's *Seventh* all day when Hitler shot himself. At about 11:30 the music was interrupted for the first time. A woman announced there would be a broadcast from a mobile unit following the funeral cortège on its way to Père Lachaise. As the cortège moved through the city the broadcast of it was impressive: hundreds of thousands of shuffling feet, some cries or moans, a band playing the Funeral March, then more *Les Prèludes.* The funeral was very interesting. The name of God was never invoked: that of Karl Marx was. I had a class at the Sorbonne scheduled that afternoon for four o'clock. People were returning to the center of town from the funeral. You could tell who had been there; they wore grave expressions and little black-edged paper tags in their lapels.



Before four o'clock I walked to the Sorbonne. It had been closed all day, of course, by the students. But I am enrolled in a school of the Sorbonne that teaches French to foreigners, mostly teachers or literary people. We are all *étrangers,* foreigners, in this school. An arrangement has been worked out so that we foreigners may attend our classes when the French students strike. We show our cards of registration to the students at the door and ask permission to enter. Usually there is no trouble. The students make you a speech: you ought to demonstrate your solidarity with the "anti-fascist" students and the French workers. You explain once more you are a foreigner and have no interest in French politics, then they let you pass.

This Tuesday afternoon things went smoothly enough. There are usually about twenty in the class; most of us are Americans, with a couple of Poles, a Yugoslav, two or three other nationalities including a priest from South America. The priest's presence in the class that afternoon worried me a little. He had had some difficulty getting in, and we expected demonstrations at six o'clock against the French students who had entered other parts of the school in the early morning and secreted themselves in the building all day. We would be leaving at six o'clock also; one could not help thinking what might happen to the gentle Peruvian priest in a riot of inflamed students.

Precisely at five o'clock the classroom door burst open. Six of the striking students walked in and their leader demanded the name of our teacher. Our teacher identified herself. She had been startled for a moment. She was still fingering the necklace at her throat nervously, but she spoke evenly. With two of his lieutenants the student leader went over to her.

Did she not realize, he asked, that the students had closed the school? Very well, she must stop her course and dismiss her students. This was an order. He realized the members of her class were all *étrangers,* but they would be leaving the building the same time as the traitorous French students and he could not guarantee their safety. ("I'm not afraid of these hoodlums," someone near me said in English. "Who do they think they are?" someone else asked.) On whose authority was he ordering her to halt her class? Why, on behalf of the Students' Committee of the Communist Party and all those protesting fascist oppression. She might disregard the will of the students, but surely she would do her patriotic duty as a citizen of the Republic and show her solidarity in the struggle against fascist police brutality.

Appalling Irony

At that point I did an unguarded thing: I laughed—sarcastically and out loud. I have been in France long enough and seen enough of the political scene to know exactly what such a casual action can cost in the end. Only, the appalling irony of Red street fighters lecturing someone on political responsibility and oppression—it was too much, you understand. The young man turned to me and shouted something I did not catch. At the moment I was occupied in regarding the fixed silence of my Polish and Yugoslav classmates; during the scene these three sat tight-mouthed. I had the impression the Polish poet sitting near me scarcely breathed.

In the end, the six students withdrew bad-temperedly. A few minutes later our teacher excused herself uneasily and went to the office of the school's director. Shortly thereafter that lady herself entered. "We have decided," she said, smiling, "it would be wise if you left the building in the next few minutes. Perhaps you might leave in a body. And might I advise," she added casually, "that you join in no political discussions

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with the students you may meet at the door." The good lady's air was so courteous and regretful; I reflected on what an extraordinary race the French are. Two weeks before, I had been trying to write a story where a character said, "It takes a long time to understand the French; and when you do, they are exasperating."

We did as we were advised. We started down the three flights of stairs to the door in a group. The door was closed and the students guarding it were gathered inside. Their leader was the same young man who had visited our classroom. "You may all leave," he said, "except this person." He indicated me. There was a kind of confusion for a moment. I wondered myself what was happening as I saw my classmates hustled out the door. I wondered if I was really going to need help and if I should ask my classmates for it. I saw the women and the priest get out. Then the rest of the men left; one of them, a retired American air force officer, hesitated for a moment. I saw he was trying to comprehend the situation but could not make up his mind. When he walked out, the door closed and I heard the click of the automatic lock shut. A very deep silence fell on the group as the students closed ranks in front of the door and on the stairs behind me.

Their leader addressed me: "You were not respectful to us, Monsieur, when we entered the class. Why were you not respectful?" Respectful was the word he used.

Evidently, I was not going to do any of the right things that afternoon: "You haven't the right to question me," I answered—too strongly.

"But yes, Monsieur, I do have the right," my questioner said calmly.

"How is that?"

"We are thirteen, Monsieur. I have the right."

There, I thought, is an example of French logic at its best.

"Why were you not respectful?" my friend asked again.

I had lighted a cigarette coming down the stairs. I thought I would inhale from it now, but halfway to my lips I realized my hand was trembling and I let it fall back to my side. I did not want the students to see.

"I am a foreigner," I said. "I have no interest in French politics. Besides"—I could not resist an ironic comment—"it might not be safe." Altogether I was not making a good accounting of myself.

One of the other students pushed aside the spokesman. He was short with a very big head. He stared at me for a moment, then he grabbed me by my coat collar. "You should take us more seriously, Monsieur." I sensed a new quality in the air that led me to take him and his twelve friends seriously indeed. I was very much alone.

My new antagonist let me go and stepped back. He said something curious: "Perhaps you do not take the fascism seriously. How would you like it if you were in America and American students demonstrated against Communism and a French student laughed?" That question would have made me laugh again a few minutes before, just as his friend's speech had in the classroom. But now I was being careful. Besides, I could answer sincerely, "I wouldn't like it."

With that the student leader took control again. "Then you'll understand why you must be more respectful to us." He paused to let me absorb his words. "Very well, you may leave now. Only remember, we know you now. You must always be respectful."

When I reached the sidewalk I threw away my cigarette. But around the corner I stopped to light another, and I thought of the little incident. I was appalled to see I had to take my match in both hands to steady it at the end of my cigarette.

Miss Bleedingheart's Advice

WILLIAM F. GAVIN

Dear Miss Bleedingheart,
I'm in love with a man who doesn't love me. I give him money and things, but he says if he chooses me, this other girl, who hates me, might not understand. This other girl is not a nice girl at all, but this man (he has such a fine mind and says such nice things about things!) says I shouldn't judge her because we should try to see both sides of a question.

I've tried to take his advice, but I get tired of being spat upon and kicked and like that. I asked this man if it would be all right if I sort of busted her up, but he says force never solved anything.

Well, I believed him until he ran over a friend of mine with a car I helped pay for. This man I love says that it was OK for him to do this. My problem is: should I keep on giving him money and things if he keeps on running over my friends and holding hands with this other girl who puts ground glass in my food and things like that?

Bewildered

Dear Bewildered,
Follow your heart. Don't let a little thing like murder make you lose confidence in this noble young man. Try giving him more money. That always helps.

Dear Miss Bleedingheart,
Over fifteen years ago a bunch of fellows and I sort of banded together into this social and athletic club. Most of the members were nice guys, but there was one who had a shady past. He was (and is) a murderer by profession, but it takes all kinds, as they always say, so we asked him to join.

This fellow tried to push me from the high-bars in the gym, and, all in all, he is quite a problem. Recently he asked us to take in his cousin, who is a convicted murderer also. This murderer (the first one), he refuses to pay dues, and every now and then he tells me that he is going to kill me, which worries me; but the other guys say, can't you take a joke?

He recently began to take practice shots with a blunderbuss, a thing the organization frowns on. Maybe I'm wrong, but I get the feeling that this guy has not got the proper spirit, although I don't like to be the one to "cast the first stone." Should I keep on supporting this club?

Perplexed

Dear Perplexed,
If you let a little thing like attempted murder make you give up faith, you don't deserve to condemn others for their mistakes. Try giving more money to the club. That always helps.

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The Third World War

What To Do About the UN

JAMES BURNHAM

In bare arithmetic, the 70-22 vote by which the Senate agreed to bail out the UN looks like an "overwhelming vote of confidence" in the UN itself and the Administration's UN policy. Examined in context, it is about as close to a repudiation of both as could realistically be expected at this stage.

Consider. In 1945 the Senate ratified the UN Charter 89-2. Two survivors of the extinct isolationist species, Senators Langer and Shipstead, voted the lonely No's. The percentage shift is of impressive proportions.

It is widely believed that the UN was sired by Franklin Roosevelt out of the State Department's left wing. In actual fact, public opinion swung during the course of the war almost solidly behind the idea of "the necessity of there being established . . . a general international organization . . . for the maintenance of international peace and security" (the words are from a resolution, adopted 85-5, that was introduced early in 1943 by then Senator Tom [Connally-amendment] Connally). A House resolution along the same lines was offered by then Representative J. William Fulbright, and passed 360-29 in September 1943.

In planning the UN, members of Congress were continuously associated with State Department and White House officials meeting "almost weekly during a period of nearly a year," Democratic Senator Connally, confirmed by Republican Senator Vandenberg, reported prior to the Dumbarton Oaks conference. Members of Congress were part of the U.S. delegation at San Francisco, and found no occasion for major disagreement with their State Department colleagues.

So when 22 Senators now record themselves in what amounts to a flat judgment of no-confidence in the UN, they are repudiating, if not a son, at any rate a once-favorite nephew. The figures by no means assess the degree of the shift. At least another couple of dozen Senators voted Yes with great reluctance, under severe pressure, or from a vague feeling that "we've still got to give the UN a chance."

Questions and Answers

But the quantitative shift in the UN's public standing is probably less significant than its qualitative decline. For sixteen years the UN was so sacred a cow that critics were almost self-defined as blasphemous extremists. In the past year its protective screens of clichés and pious platitudes have been breached, indeed blasted. And the assault party has been led by a disillusioned junta from the upper echelons of the Establishment itself.

Dean Acheson did some of the most effective preliminary mining. The first open explosion was touched off (in last October's *Foreign Affairs*) by the same J. William Fulbright, now senator and Foreign Affairs Committee Chairman, who was the UN's House pitchman in 1943.

The deepest penetration, up to the present, was made by Senator Henry M. Jackson, the President's 1960 campaign manager, in his March 20 speech to the National Press Club. Senator Jackson, at last, raised the correct questions, and plainly suggested, when he did not state, most of the correct answers.

Are we taking an exaggerated view of the UN's role? We are, of course: "the best hope for peace with justice does not lie in the UN."

May not the most useful [political] *function of the UN lie in serving as a link between the West and the newly independent states?* Very probably, granted the proviso, immediately added by Senator Jackson, that "most international business is best handled through normal bilateral contacts or through regional arrangements among the states concerned," but recognizing that these new states cannot possibly maintain worldwide diplomatic missions.

In our approach to the UN do we make too much of the talk? We certainly do. *Should our delegation to the UN play a larger role in the policy-making process than our representatives to NATO or to major world capitals?* By no means: "The UN delegation in New York should not operate as a second foreign office."

"The sum of the matter is this: . . . the UN is not a substitute for national policies wisely conceived to uphold our vital interests."

And Senator Jackson spotted the key point for bringing the UN to heel: "There are too many votes on too many issues in the UN." In this business of the vote may be found the practical method for carrying out the proposal that NATIONAL REVIEW has put forward: to "depoliticalize" the UN—which would be the summary solution to the problems that Senator Jackson has analyzed.

Cure for the UN's Sickness

The minimum solution requires only a single change: adoption of the rule that the UN may not vote on "matters of substance," but only on administrative, procedural and technical questions. Theoretically this rule might seem to involve an amendment of the UN Charter. In practice, all that is necessary is a simple declaration by the United States that henceforth the American representatives in the UN will no longer vote on matters of substance. Since the UN depends financially, politically and morally on the United States, such votes would thereupon become automatically meaningless. Though they would dislike having their UN-swollen self-importance scaled down, the new nations would have no choice but to accept the new rule, and most of our Western allies would welcome it. There would be no need to amend the Charter. Nothing in the Charter *compels* the members to vote. The prohibition on voting for matters of substance would be self-imposed, if not quite voluntary.

Under a UN regime thus reformed, we would have a chance to move, as Senator Jackson enjoins us, "in the direction of a more realistic appreciation of its limitations, more modest hopes for its accomplishments, and a new maturer sense of the burdens of responsible leadership."

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To Magnify the West

Only when we understand the nature of the enemy: that this is Armageddon, no "twilight struggle," then only will the proper battle orders go out

L. BRENT BOZELL

Madison Square Garden
March 7, 1962

We gather here tonight to celebrate recent advances, and to plot new victories. A full celebration we shall defer, of course, to the day when principles that guide the conservative movement also guide our nation, and our civilization. That day is not yet; but we have come far, and we are going strong. No one in this hall is so young that he can not remember our miserable beginning. A "movement"? Only a few years ago we did not qualify: conservatives were, in Albert Jay Nock's phrase, "the remnant"—a tiny band of survivors battling the tides of history, and somehow managing to keep their heads above water. But thanks, in part, to the perseverence of the remnant; in part, to the burgeoning enthusiasm of young people—their magnificent rising has given American youth its proudest day; thanks, too, in tragic part, to the succession of defeats that has shaken Western civilization to its foundations and humiliated its chief defender, the nation has come awake, and today the conservative movement has a vibrancy and momentum unequalled in our country since the misguided upheaval of the Roosevelt revolution. The receding Liberal tide is meeting a new wave of the future; though, mark you, conservatives do not ride this wave because it is strong, nor because it is deemed to be inevitable —but because it is right.

It was perhaps to be expected that the Liberal Establishment, in its last hours, would resort to all variety of weapons for discrediting its critics—among them the attempt to tarnish the whole conservative movement with epithets and characterizations that apply, in the sense they are intended, to only a few "Extremists," "Ultras," "the Radical Right." We have told Liberals often enough that by failing to make relevant distinctions, by resorting to argument by epithet, by refusing to discuss issues on their merits, they plead themselves guilty to precisely the charge they have leveled against conservatives, for the most part unjustly, during the past two decades. We now ask the Liberals to abandon that tactic, not so much because it is wicked, not because it does us a wrong, but because it bores us—and because it insults the intelligence of millions of other Americans who are able to recognize in the day-to-day positions advanced by conservatives, not extremism, but a reflection of the common reason and ordinary virtue that resides in their own minds and hearts.

Is it "extremist" to hold that the government of Katanga, as the chief friend of the West and the chief foe of Communism in Black Africa, is entitled to the United States' vigorous support?

Is it "extremist" to hold, as conservatives did in the case of Goa, that when a staunch and faithful partner in the Western community falls under alien attack, it deserves something better from the United States than one of Mr. Stevenson's speeches?

Is it "extremist" to insist, as conservatives have, that the correct way of dealing with Khrushchev on Berlin is to present some demands of our own? That eight months of dickering over what percentage of Khrushchev's demands we should accept—forty, sixty, eighty—is not "firmness" but protracted appeasement?

Is it "extremist" to believe that our flight from duty in Cuba has created an imminent threat to the security of the Western hemisphere—and that that threat can be eliminated only by the elimination of the Castro regime?

Is it "extremist" to contend, as conservatives have for four years, that nuclear tests should never have stopped in the first place, and that to equivocate about resuming them now is to court military disaster?

Is it "extremist" to point out that to accommodate American foreign policy to "world opinion" or to the United Nations, is to court political disaster?

Is it "extremist" to maintain that Communism cannot be successfully resisted merely by attempting to parry its blows? That we must therefore adopt an offensive strategy that is every bit as serious about liberating Communist territory as the Communists are about enslaving ours?

Is it "extremist" to be dissatisfied with a policy that lists as its highest objective "peaceful coexistence" with an enemy that is determined to consume us? Is it "extremist" when a nation is locked in mortal struggle, for its citizens to ask its leaders to seek *victory*?

I submit that if the positions just reviewed, which constitute the substance and spirit of contemporary conservative criticism in the foreign policy area, were, tomorrow, made the subject of an informed national plebiscite, there is not a single one among them that would fail to obtain the assent of a majority of the American people.

This is another way of saying that the conservative movement is approaching a new phase. Having played the role of a critical opposition for many years, we are now at the threshold of leadership: we now face the task of transforming an unarticulated popular majority into a working political majority, and of giving it responsible direction. And our problems will change and magnify accordingly—for the demands on a leader, or even on an aspiring leader,

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are very different from those that confront a critic.

It is not enough that we are able to recognize the specific mistakes Liberals have made—supporting the wrong side in the Congo, foisting a pro-Communist government on Laos. Or even that we are able to spot and dissect the fallacious assumptions and analyses that lie behind these mistakes. We must know more. We will not find it easy to lead differently unless we clearly understand *why* the Liberals make the assumptions they do.

We must not suppose, in other words, that President Kennedy is unaware of the dangers of dancing to world opinion, or of getting himself boxed into a defensive strategy, or of a dozen conceptual handicaps with which he loads down American policy. He is quick; he is familiar with the deductive process; he is perfectly capable of detecting and understanding what is obvious to all of us. Why, then, doesn't he break away? Why—to put the issue in its starkest form—did he shrink from giving the order for air cover over the Bay of the Pigs? To suppose there is a simple answer, having to do with the President's character or his intelligence, is to do Mr. Kennedy a cruel personal injustice; and it is to misunderstand the terrible degenerative power of the world-view that holds him, and Liberalism generally, in thralldom.

The Paralysis of Despair

I suggest that Mr. Kennedy himself pointed to the answer in his celebrated speech in Seattle last November. That speech has been severely criticized by conservatives, but not, perhaps, fully understood. Wounded deeply, one suspects, by demands that he act the part of a war leader, that he display the public courage and decisiveness he is known to value personally; tormented by the awareness that the moral and intellectual equipment for doing what was asked of him was not at his command, the President shot back his reply—candid, bitter, enormously sad on the lips of a man so young. Will you not understand, he said, why I cannot lead you to "victory"? Can't you see that we no longer live in the kind of world in which the good side can hope to have its way? That in the very nature of the battle, this can only be a "twilight struggle"? Whether he expected the twilight to go on forever, or, eventually, to lengthen into night, the President did not say—though he did make clear there was no third alternative. A careless metaphor? I think not. How better portray the paralysis that grips modern Liberalism—the mood and conviction of *despair?*

Why should Liberals despair? Because at the deepest philosophical depths—as Eric Voegelin has compellingly demonstrated—Liberalism is anchored to the ancient heresy of gnosticism with its belief that the salvation of man and of society can be accomplished on this earth; and because gnosticism, in its moderate, Liberal expression is at the end of the rope. The Liberals' hope of perfecting man through the agency of man is collapsing, in part, because Liberals recognize that all of the Western experiments in this kind of thing, reaching back to the heady days of the Enlightenment, have tragically foundered; but more important, because Liberals are coming to understand, even if darkly, that the logic of their analyses and ambitions points them down a road they can not follow: that the gnostic dream of an earthly paradise can be realized (as Khrushchev knows), not by changing society, *but by changing man* —by transmutative surgery on the soul. *It follows that if gnosticism is ever to triumph, it will triumph in the Communist form.* Yet Liberals instinctively recoil from that prospect: their sense of humanity, their residual attachment to the values and forms of the West, forbid the Communist solution. What a pickle—to be possessed by a world view that demands the victory of your enemy! Men afflicted by such a neurosis go mad, and civilizations do also. And in the meantime they fight—stubbornly—but aimlessly, without hope and without purpose: a "twilight struggle."

Another way of stating the problem is that Liberalism has not provided us with a mission comparable to the one that drives Communism forward—has not, because it cannot without losing its separateness from Communism. Yet nations, no less than men, must have a reason for doing difficult things; and when the things to be done are very difficult—risking nuclear war, braving the hostile opinion of others, defying ritualistic rules of international behavior—the reason must be very good. We have been told for many years that we lack "will"; true enough, but will is a derivative faculty. It needs motive to set it in motion. Communists have will because, first, they have purpose.

Mission to Perform

What purpose is capable of moving us? World-wide extension of the Affluent Society? But very few of us are convinced that man's soul lies in his stomach.

How about "peace"—the prospect that so fascinated the previous Administration? But in war, peace is an inspiriting purpose only to those who are prepared to surrender.

Does "self-determination" qualify —the idea that transports the current Administration? But one does not make that siren song into a first principle after hearing it sung at the funerals of a half dozen civilized orders around the globe. Communism engulfs British Guiana via a free election! "We accept" that, proclaims the President of the United States. Long live the principle of self-determination!

National interest—the imperatives of self-defense? Surely *they* will inspire the necessary resolve. But, no, they probably won't—at least not in time. The connecting lines between the Soviet threat in, say, the Congo and the Soviet threat to us are invariably blurred. . . . Let the Russians be visibly poised for an attack on the United States, and, yes, we would all do our duty; but that would be too late.

But what a silly way we have asked the question: "What is capable of moving us?" You don't go around

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Lullaby for JFK Jr.

Communists are innocuous
(like staphylococcus),
Friendly-ish
(like Genghis),
Peaceworkers
(like Gurkhas).

M. R. BARTLETT

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shopping for missions the way you shop for a fur coat—taking measurements—deciding how well the thing will wear. You either have a mission, or you don't. And if we have one it is to take stock of our appointed role in history, and to perform it.

We of the Christian West owe our identity to the central fact of history—the entry of God onto the human stage. We do not regard the Incarnation as a supernatural stunt, but as a terrestrial event: God, in time, with us. For what purpose? To perfect man and the human race? Ah, but that is the uncomprehending and tragic error of gnosticism which the conservative mind, reflecting the authentic tradition of the West, instinctively rejects. The Christian eschaton is post-human. The purpose, rather, was to impart the means for dealing with human imperfections—for easing man's way to his ultimate goal, and for realizing, in this life, his maximum human potentialities. A job for ministers and priests? Not entirely. Their calling is to teach; the rest of us are expected to establish human conditions conducive to the reception of that teaching. Our commission is to plant in history the ideals and the standards contained in Christian truth—and to build institutions and foster mores that will help sustain these ideals: in short, to build a Christian *civilization.*

An ambitious project? No doubt. But it was undertaken, and it has been worked at for two thousand years, and it is being renewed in this hall tonight. This is what the West is all about. The West, the geographical place, is unimportant. The West, the civilization, is of consuming importance. It is what happened when man set out to build Augustine's earthly city.

To be sure, the West, by its own standards, has not always built well; indeed some of the ghastliest outrages against the West's truth have been perpetrated under the aegis of the West. Did not Communism grow out of the West? But through all the years, the ideals to which man should aspire have been kept in view; the revealed standards for measuring human conduct are still invoked by Western tradition; the West's truth is still visible. Western civilization, as the hopeful, human analogue of the divine order, lives. And it will live on if Western man is prepared to guard it, cleanse it, magnify it.

Guard the West because the West is under mortal attack. The Communist purpose is to destroy the living expression of the West's truth, even in the homelands, utterly and forever. Therefore the Western response must be in kind: to remove the threat: to destroy *it.*

Cleanse the West, not to please its critics, but to equip it to fight. And we will do well to worry less about its body than about its soul. There are blemishes on the body that would occupy us even if we were not reminded of them every day by the *New York Times*; but the inadequacies of the soul—our civilization's lack of self-consciousness, the flight from the reality of what we are and therefore what our duty is—these are the heart of the matter. It is not easy for a God-oriented civilization to persevere when its children open their textbooks, as a cityful of them did recently in Wisconsin, to find that the references to God that were there yesterday have been carefully blocked out under the law of the land.

Magnify the West because *that* is our mission. The gift, the deposit of fundamental truths, was not meant just for Europe and the Americans. Who do we think we are? A chosen people? Our good fortune belongs to the human race. We are chosen only in this sense; that because we have received, we have the duty to give. We have no desire for conquest—to rule others, to bend them to our will, holds no attraction for us, no glory, no satisfying reward. But to let others see our truth, and help them understand it—that is something very different. Should we condemn Britons, Spaniards, Frenchmen for having brought the West to the New World? That would be unsporting of us. Are we Americans to repent for having planted Western standards in the Philippines? Ask the Filipinos. Should the West be ashamed for having gone to Africa? For lighting a spark of truth in the midst of untruth? For building an outpost of civilization where barbarism was unrelieved? Rather should we be ashamed for having fled ignominiously from the scene before the job was done. The unmanliness of it! The wolves begin to howl; and the West gathers her skirts about her and scurries off, leaving a continent to be devoured.

Africa desperately needs the West, and a West that is true to itself will not hesitate to return—as friend, counselor, protector—and *stay* until Africa is safe for Moise Tshombes.

Faith in the West

What the West needs today, above all other things, is faith in itself. The faith of others is not to be had—not Mr. Nehru's, who thinks we are dead; not Mr. Sukarno's, who is even now nibbling at one of our members; not the United Nations', which is busy parceling out our remains.

If we know ourselves, we will know what our mission is. If we know what our mission is, the "will" to carry it out will follow as a matter of course. And the orders will go out—

To the Joint Chiefs of Staff: *Make the necessary preparations for landing in Havana.*

To our commander in Berlin: *Tear down The Wall.*

To our chief of mission in the Congo: *Change sides.*

To the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission: *Schedule testing of every nuclear weapon that could conceivably serve the military purpose of the West.*

To the Chief of the CIA: *You are to encourage liberation movements in every nation of the world under Communist domination, including the Soviet Union itself. And you may let it be known that when, in the future, men offer their lives for the ideals of the West, the West will not stand idly by.*

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Letter from Asia

Turkey in 1962

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Turks, in a way, continue to be stunned by last year's military overthrow of the legitimate government of the Democratic Party which was followed, after a dictatorial transition period, by new elections. The recent abortive rebellion of the cadets was another jolt. It would, of course, be idle to pretend that the old Ottoman Empire knew no revolutions; sanguinary upheavals were not infrequent in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. But new Turkey, with its "democracy," had prided itself on having done away with such evils and so, when the blows were struck—almost out of the blue (for the student riots did not seem very serious)—the nation found it hard to follow the developments.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

The Democratic Party had, no doubt, been guilty of some corrupt practices. A good deal of the economic planning (as is frequently the case with planning) had been unwise and wasteful. It was true that the Menderes government had not acted effectively to prevent the anti-Greek riots in Istanbul some years earlier (although the prosecution failed at the trial of the ex-premier to prove its contention that Menderes and his cabinet had actively fomented them).

Ideological Differences

In addition there was a restlessness among the junior officers against the Menderes regime which stemmed from ideological grounds. The Democrats (Menderes' party) are the conservatives in Turkey. They were accused by the Republicans, the progressive party, of deviating from the ideas and ideals of Ghazi Kemal Ataturk. On top of this, the Democrats had adopted a soft line toward religion (*i.e.*, the Moslem faith) which had been severely criticized as "anti-progressive" by the Republicans. It was these things: the corruption, the feeling that Ataturk's revolution was being betrayed, the pro-religious bias of the Democrats, plus, of course, elements of personal ambition on the part of General Gursel and his followers, which added up to the successful military coup.

Turkey is a predominantly agrarian country whose tough and sturdy peasantry takes religion seriously. The permissive policy of the Democrats toward religion had made them popular with the peasants. This is why in the post-revolution election the Republicans did less well than they expected. Curiously enough, despite a programmatic animosity toward organized religion on the part of the present government—only one representative of each faith in the entire nation is allowed to don clerical garb!—the Islamic faith continues to be protected in Turkey and proselytizing is outlawed.

This is but one of the internal, basic difficulties facing Turkey as a nation today. The language is still in a process of flux. New words are created and other words proscribed daily. Arabic cultural influences are denigrated, and whatever comes from the West, except Christianity, is regarded as tops.

Historically, the greatness of Turkey depended on the greatness of the "Grand Turk," who was both Sultan and Caliph—the secular-spiritual overlord of Islam, the counterpart to the Holy Roman Emperor. The German-Austrian Holy Roman Emperor (for whom Catholics all over the world prayed on Good Friday up to the last ten years, incidentally) and the Sultan were until recently the great opponents: the living symbols of the Christian (and Catholic) and the Moslem worlds, respectively. After the first World War Austria and Turkey shrank to the size of small countries and their peoples lost their sense of mission. Vienna degenerated into the Unholy City of Western socialism; Constantinople became a Turkish provincial town. Today it is subordinate to Ankara from whose walls and squares the stern, severe face of Mustapha Kemal Ataturk stares at natives and visitors alike.

All analogies are limited and the downfall of Imperial Vienna and Imperial Istanbul had different effects. Both countries, to be sure, are menaced by Moscow, the "Third Rome." Both are turning to the saving idea of a Federated Europe, which is touching considering Turkey's mere toehold in Europe. Turkey belongs not only to Asian CENTO, but also to NATO. She yearns for stronger ties to the secular Europe of Ataturk's vision. She longs to become a bourgeois, laic, progressive, democratic nation using Latin script, believing in science, and dressed in Western style. But Turkey rejects the very soul of Europe: its Christianity. In Turkey the Red Cross is still the Red Crescent and priests (no less than *hodzhas*) have to sport ties just as they must in Mexico.

A Fading Heritage

A shrewd foreign diplomat in Ankara summed it up in these words: "One should not teach a nation to spit on the graves of its ancestors." (As a matter of fact, the expression he used was even stronger.) Hence the inner malaise of Turkey. Still, the historic role of the Turks as Islam's battering ram against Christian Europe is definitely over. Ataturk's dream of transforming his country according to the notions of nineteenth-century democratic nationalism was bound to fail. If the pressure due to the Russian menace were not so apparent, the failure of Ataturk's dream would be far more dramatic, would become more speedily obvious. But because the Turks are patriots first, they have, unenthusiastically to be sure, accepted the military coup which was dedicated to the restoration of the Ataturk line. Once the tragedy of last year's military uprising had occurred, further resistance would only have created further chaos and aided the hereditary enemy to the North. This had to be avoided at any cost, and the people recognized it.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Change and Reform at Teachers College

Dr. Fischer, the new president of Teachers College, Columbia University, has been emphatic that the purpose of schooling is the intellectual cultivation of the person. The school exists not to "develop the whole child," nor to serve as a community center, but to do something for the mind.

Kirk

Such sensible doctrine is a marked departure from the muddy and amorphous notions of socialization and "creating the American" which spread, for a generation and more, out from Teachers College to schools of pedagogy throughout the land. It should be remarked, however, that Teachers College was beginning to mend its ways even before Dr. Fischer came to its headship: in recent years, some Teachers College graduates have been notably humane and tolerant and practical in their principles.

Though it will take a great while for Teachers College's return to principle to penetrate to the School of Education of Dismal Swamp A & M, already these new theories—or, rather, revived old and sound theories—are leavening the lump. Take, for instance, the tone nowadays of *Teachers College Record,* the college's recently-invigorated journal, which is publishing some very good essays and reviews, and invites people to contribute who differ totally with Dewey, Kilpatrick, and Counts. Last year there appeared in the *Record* an admirable article on political education by Professor Raymond English; and, *mirabile dictu,* even your servant the present writer is reviewing serious works for this bulletin.

Probably the most heartening symptom of all is a new book by Dr. Philip Phenix, professor of educational theory at Teachers College: *Education and the Common Good, a Moral Philosophy of the Curriculum* (Harper). Mr. Phenix, a humane scholar who until recently was dean of Carleton College, also is the editor of *Philosophies of Education* (Wiley), a collection (published last year) of radically differing views on schooling, ranging all the way from the "social reconstruction" of Theodore Brameld and the "experimentalism" of H. Gordon Hullfish to the "education for intellectual discipline" of Arthur Bestor and the conservative views of yours truly.

Primary Obligation

Education and the Common Good is suffused with veneration. Dr. Phenix desires to restore "values and ideals" —I should prefer the word "norms"— to the curriculum; his values and ideals are religious—and, practically speaking, Christian. Love, rather than egoism, should be the moral foundation of learning. The public schools, Professor Phenix is bold enough to say, can and must return to this normative task; they must not be afraid to teach religious truths:

> The state and its agencies, including the public schools and colleges, can be true to the principle of religious liberty without giving up their primary obligation to promote the religious life, in the fundamental sense of reverent devotion. Freedom of religion is itself a religious principle, since it rests on the conviction that no man, group of men, or institution can claim final and authoritative knowledge, perfection, or righteousness. If a wall of separation is erected between religion and the state (and its schools), that wall will prove to be a tomb in which church, state, and schools will decay with a civilization that has lost its soul. Schools that are purged of all religious concerns become agencies for the propagation of irreligion or idolatry—for the feeding of selfish ambitions or training for subservience to secular utopias. If religion is understood in its elemental sense, and not merely in its sectarian expressions, it is entirely practicable for the public schools to educate religiously without violating any ideals of religious freedom, without partisanship for any historical tradition, and without transgressing the principle of persuasion, not compulsion, in all matters of faith.

As Dr. Phenix goes on to argue, it will first be necessary to instruct teachers in the major religious traditions of mankind, and to secure as teachers men who are reverent.

The Grand Delusion

To develop intelligence, to encourage creativity, to tutor conscience, to inculcate reverence—these, Dr. Phenix writes, are the ends of education. And to accomplish these aims, all studies, at all levels, both humane and scientific disciplines, must recognize the primacy of religious insights. Professor Phenix would have us emancipate ourselves, for instance, from the concept of "social engineering," with its "mechanistic attitude toward human beings." Like the late Gordon Chalmers, he knows that we cannot attain to the Republic without recognizing the claims of the Person.

The disciples of Ayn Rand would profit from reading Mr. Phenix's passage on irreligion: "*Irreligion* stands in diametric opposition to religion. It consists in self-seeking orientation. It is the denial of any object of supreme worth beyond the self. It is founded upon the conviction that man himself is the source of values, that human beings do not discover the worthful but themselves create and decide whatever is to be counted as good. . . . It is founded on the premise that the proper end of man is to become independent and autonomous." With the delusion of "autonomy," whether the variant of Mr. David Riesman or that of Miss Rand, Dr. Phenix will have no truck; and I say amen to that.

Perhaps the fundamental error of John Dewey was this: the notion that society itself somehow, *en masse,* provides the worthful, and that the individual need merely adjust to such democratic goodness. Mr. Phenix takes us beyond both egoism and collectivism to that wise Love which moves the sun and the other stars.

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A Modern Inferno

ROBERT DRAKE

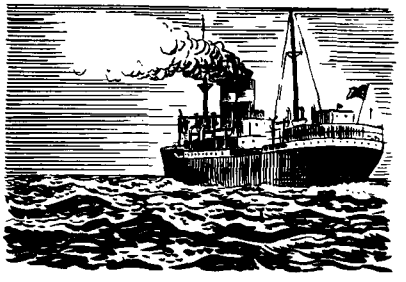
Few distinguished reputations in contemporary American letters are based on slenderer evidence than that of Katherine Anne Porter—some twenty-odd short stories, with perhaps a novelette or two among them, and an assortment of critical essays. Indeed, there might be some who would insist that Miss Porter's reputation is based less on solid artistic achievement than on a self-created and perpetuated legend of it. Now I don't suppose there's a "literary person" in the United States who hasn't known for some time that Miss Porter was writing her first novel, though some seem to have been privileged to know it longer than others. (Writers, of course, no longer simply kiss and tell in diaries and letters; they do it at the round-table—and on tape too.) But after twenty years a-borning, the novel, *Ship of Fools,* has now appeared; and it will doubtless be accorded all the respectful attention to which Miss Porter's reputation entitles it.

Ship of Fools is concerned with the voyage of the North German Lloyd *Vera* from Veracruz to Bremerhaven, August 22 to September 17, 1931, calling at Havana, Tenerife (Canary Islands), Spanish, French, and English ports. And Miss Porter has quite literally assembled all sorts and conditions of men on board "this simple almost universal image of the ship of this world on its voyage to eternity," as she calls it in a prefatory note. (Her source for this image is a fifteenth-century German moral allegory by Sebastian Brant, first published in Latin as *Stultifera Navis* in 1494.) And she has provided at the beginning a helpful *dramatis personae* (indeed, one is needed)—all the way from Captain Thiele, through assorted Germans returning to the Fatherland, a Swiss hotel-keeping family, an American divorcée, a chemical engineer, "Bohemian" artists, a Spanish dancing company, a Condesa being deported from Cuba (for political reasons), Mexican priests and a newly-wedded pair, and Cuban medical students going to study in France, on down to the "eight hundred and seventy-six souls" in steerage being deported from the Cuban sugar-fields back to the Canaries and various parts of Spain.

Ship of Fools, by Katherine Anne Porter. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.50

What Miss Porter sets out to do, it seems, is to create a subtly woven tapestry depicting the Inferno in modern terms.

Anyone acquainted with her stories will know that her vision of reality is, in many ways, a theologically "orthodox" one, though she rarely dramatizes it in the "head-on," unblinking way of, say, a writer like Flannery O'Connor, whom some modern critical souls cannot accept because they say they cannot conscientiously "participate" in her vision. Significantly, they don't seem to have the same trouble with Dante: after all, that *was* a long time ago and we'll just hope it wasn't *really* true.



But an apprehension of Original Sin—call it selfishness, inclination to perversity and malice, the divided heart, or whatever you like—seems bred into every fiber of Miss Porter's sensibility, along with a profound soul-yearning, sometimes lyrically, sometimes starkly expressed, for that Other (God, Love, or whatever name you prefer) which will set free the "poor prisoner" from his isolated, sinful predicament as a human being.

In *Ship of Fools* Miss Porter has left not one human selfishness, folly, perversity, lust, or cruelty to escape from the searching glare of her inspection; the resulting diagnosis of the human condition is black enough to please Jonathan Edwards himself. There is William Denny, the chemical engineer, a walking embodiment of carnal lust of the most vulgar sort. (He has sex so much on the brain that there's hardly room for it anywhere else.) There are Ric and Rac, twin son and daughter of Lola of the Spanish dancing company (all either pimps or prostitutes), who seem the incarnation of malicious mischief in its most literal sense—juvenile Iagos. There are the "superior" Germans at the Captain's table, already, in 1931, mouthing Aryan racism, eugenics, euthanasia, and all the rest of it—drunk on ideas and abstractions (like Herr Professor Hutten), caressing (like the Captain) in their secret souls that dearest of all German words, *Verboten,* longing to impose *order* and *method* on a universe strangely reluctant to come to heel. There is the American divorcée, Mary Treadwell, very much to the manner born, who has scorched her fingers in one attempt at love and can never, never run that risk again. There are the American "Bohemians," David Scott ("David darling") and Jenny Brown ("Jenny angel"), both trying desperately to emancipate themselves from their traditional "inhibiting" backgrounds and "express their personalities" in the world of painting and "free" living, yet irredeemably locked up inside their own petty egotism. There is the seemingly wise, compassionate Dr. Schumann, the

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ship's medical officer, who succumbs to the attractions of the Condesa and, in trying to sublimate his feelings, assists that unhappy, nearly mad lady down the road to drug addiction.

Through the closely wrought texture of this tapestry of total depravity weave, like the tail of a scorpion, the Cuban medical students in a seemingly endless conga-line, hysterically singing the obscener verses of "La Cucaracha." The catalogue is endless. At times, the voyagers simply take on the aspect of animals (indeed, they are often compared—in the other passengers' minds—to hyenas, monkeys, peahens, parrots, whatever animal seems appropriate); and Miss Porter seems to be the expert ringmaster putting her floating menagerie through their intricate paces. Back and forth, knot by knot across the Atlantic, Miss Porter weaves their sad stories in and out, letting in a little light, perhaps even suggesting the possibility of love and redemption, only to collapse such hopes with some new revelation of human folly or pride.

But to what end does all this lead? None, it would seem: the tapestry Miss Porter weaves with such care, and in such precise, really illuminating prose, has a good deal of the dynamic-static quality of Keats' *Grecian Urn*; the figures seem to move, yet do not move or change; they are exposed to life, yet do not seem to learn anything about it. And in the end they seem much as they were in the beginning. This mystery, like Keats' *Urn*, may tease us out of thought until we reflect that these sad souls are really in Hell—and a good orthodox, Dantesque Hell it is: they're there because they *want* to be there, indeed most of the time don't really *know* they're there. Deeper and deeper as we descend through the circles of this Inferno—and it would be hard to say just who takes pride of place in the lowest one—we realize that this is Miss Porter's grand design.

This is a wise book (one alternately marvels and shudders at Miss Porter's knowledge of the human heart); but how sad and unrelieved by any light: there is no *Purgatorio*, no *Paradiso* in Miss Porter's Divine Comedy. There seems no purgation by pity and terror, only an unqualified horror, and perhaps a weariness, at what she has come back from this shadowy world to tell us. Where are here the brooding lyricism of *Flowering Judas*, the moving tenderness of *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*, the alternating passion and serenity of *Maria Concepción*?

One wonders, finally, whether what Miss Porter has seen in her descent into the Inferno may not have been too much, even for her, and the book's structure and power suffered accordingly. Sin really *is* the dullest thing in the world, and there's the risk that all this piling up of "evidence" may be dull too. Here then is perhaps not so much a novel as a textbook on the pathology of sin. Furthermore, I'm afraid that for me, Miss Porter remains a short story writer: her "episodes" here are often brilliantly executed, but the whole structure of the book is more like a set of variations on a theme than a grand symphonic production. And sometimes, to borrow terminology from E. M. Forster, it's more *talk* than *song*. But Miss Porter has proposed a lofty end; and, if she does not always fulfill our expectations, we must nevertheless applaud a very distinguished effort—and one well worth waiting twenty years to read.

Goldwater of Salt River Valley

FORREST DAVIS

Stephen Shadegg's modest and companionable biography of his friend, Barry Goldwater, has a two-dimensional reference value for his subject's antecedents: his youth in a Phoenix that still savored its frontier past and the Arizona political struggles projecting the Senator into his present remarkable fame and status.

Since Mr. Shadegg, a Phoenix journalist and intimate political associate, concentrates on the Salt River valley ambiance of Barry Goldwater, his work, subtitled "Freedom Is His Flight Plan," had best be regarded as an introduction to the life and times of a career which must be described in the spring of 1962 as phenomenal. Phenomenal, I digress to say, because, of the four men who have stormed the imagination of this political generation, recruiting vast political loyalties — Franklin D. Roosevelt, Wendell L. Willkie, Dwight D. Eisenhower and Barry Goldwater—Goldwater alone has advanced on the stage armed with a coherent, organic body of principles cutting across the popular stream. Even the New Deal was improvised after FDR took office.

Barry Goldwater, by Stephen Shadegg. Fleet, $5.95

A Goldwater biography, therefore, scarcely can be regarded as fully satisfying our needs when it does not articulate its subject with the panorama of events and ideological winds which have borne the Republic from its familiar moorings into unexampled world authority and the present time of anxiety.

Yet this first study between hard covers of the symbolic leader of the conservative renaissance does afford a useful insight into the heroic, uncomplicated past to which Goldwater, with modifications, would recall us. The author does this by rooting his subject in the golden age of the Far West by means of his legendary grandfather. "Big Mike" Goldwasser, the Goldwater dynast, an immigrant Polish-Jewish tailor adapted to the frontier of gold camps and Indian wars in California and Arizona, freighted Yankee "notions" and spirits into the wilds and established stores still being directed by his famous grandson. I suspect that Barry Goldwater has known comfort, in dark moments aloft as a World War II pilot, and when beset by discouragement in the political wars, from the familial memory of "Big Mike," venturing alone against all advice, accompanied only by a team of bays hitched to his wagon, along uncertain trails through southern California deserts and mountains haunted by gunslingers and Apaches, into the new gold strike country of northern Arizona, not yet a territory.

It is no derogation of Shadegg's fidelity to his subject to note that "Big Mike" and Goldwater's im-

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mensely appealing mother, Josephine Williams (Mun) Goldwater, dominate his story. From his grandfather Barry acquired respect for self-reliance, for

the virtue of determination whatever the odds and, perhaps as important, a sense of belonging, of communion with his native land. From his wise, witty and capable mother, a trained nurse from Illinois who chose Arizona's dry air for the sake of her ailing lungs, the Senator derived his Christian faith (Episcopal), an enforced familiarity with rugged, outdoor life and an equally Spartan code of personal behavior.

The image of Barry as a boy, scion of a first family of his state and region, and as merchant, civic leader and politician, is warmly enveloped in friendliness. In these pages Barry is an engaging character, slowly developing from an unexceptionable nonage into social responsibility; a champion of individual worth against all manner of bigotries; a connoisseur of the Indian and Spanish lore of the Southwest; and, finally, a political leader with a clearly-etched vision compounded of the classical traditions of the Republic and the Virtues of the frontier.

Other biographies, perhaps none so uncritically pious, will succeed Shadegg's, placing Goldwater's politics on a wider screen; but this will do for a starter. Goldwater's present eminence, his steadily augmenting discipleship across the fifty states, call for further attention. Quite apart from the Senator's high visibility, his command of mass enthusiasm, his acceptance on many levels of national life, he is a force deeply felt. Whether he reflects a majority public reaction against the Liberalism of omnicompetent government, of demagogic welfarism, of infatuated globalism, of political romanticism, has yet to be tested.

Meanwhile, wherever Goldwater goes—and he goes, it seems, everywhere—a growing public rallies to his standard. The enthusiasm he evokes is unmatched in the politics of today. It is all the same: at Madison Square Garden, with 18,000 Young Americans for Freedom reproducing the extravagant fervors of a national convention; in the largest hall in Cincinnati, where he is welcomed as if he were a Presidential candidate; at the Gridiron Club's spring theatrical; at an unprecedented luncheon gathering of Harvards, Old Elis and Princetonians in Washington; or before an ecstatic Young Republican national study conference in the capital.

The young merchant with wings, from the Salt River valley, has become larger than life-size before our eyes. It should be observed also as a guide to future biographers that Goldwater's impact upon all political calculations looking to 1964 is not synthetic. His is no manufactured fame. He was not, as have been other paladins of the Grand Old Party, set apart by powerful committees to be embellished by Madison Avenue. For that fact alone his career deserves a deeper scrutiny than it has yet been accorded.

A Mixed Bag

WILLMOORE KENDALL

"We are never quite so good or intelligent as we believe, and our adversaries never so bad or stupid as we believe." Eduard Heimann has been making the point, and precisely with an eye to the conflict between the West and world Communism, ever since this reviewer first became aware of him twenty years ago. "Woe unto the world because of offences! For it must needs be that offences occur; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." "We" must right the wrongs "we" have done (Hiroshima!), redress the injustices "we" have perpetrated (inequality!), practice as well as preach the love that "we" are taught in "our" churches, above all admit and not lie to "ourselves" about "our" shortcomings (inequality!).

***Reason and Faith in Modern Society*, by Eduard Heimann. Wesleyan University Press, $6.50**

The West always appears in his writings, in consequence, as somewhat worse, the Soviet Union as somewhat better, than in the writings of other explicators of the conflict between them. In this, his new book, *Reason and Faith in Modern Society*, he develops the thesis, a new and worse turn in his thinking, that the bad in the Soviet Union is of *our* making: "The Russians essentially are the negative replica of what we are . . . There is little sense in blaming one's shadow for being black. It is our corruption which drives [the Russians], with the inexorable logic of history, to the opposite corruption." "Our perversion of freedom, the sundering of freedom from equal justice . . ., is not incidental to the present tension but is the very hub around which everything rotates. . . . This tension and mortal danger are essentially the punishment for, as they are the result of, our sins."

Worse still, the phrase "the inexorable logic of history" in that next to the last quote is intended literally: the "punishment" is not an *ad hoc* visitation from God, any more than, say, the enlarged liver of the alcoholic; its inevitability is inherent in the nature of historical things, in the dialectical embrace in which we hold the Russians and they hold us; history *works* in such fashion that when "we" are bad they must be worse, and that when "we" make a turn for the better it is because they have somehow forced it on us, because we must somehow meet their challenge.

I say "worse still" not because all this is absurd on the face of it, though I do happen to find it so, but because it is put forward here—in

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a book which on many other counts deserves a respectful hearing—as sheer gratuitous dogma, without supporting argument or documentation of any kind. Few readers, therefore, will persevere beyond the preposterous initial twenty pages in which it is set forth; yet those who do not persevere beyond that point will be passing up one of the most thoughtful and instructive of recent ventures in social theory. And, although Heimann writes as a deeply-convinced social democrat, that goes for right-wing readers too: much of the book they should take to heart, and much else they should at least sharpen their wits on. I commend to their attention especially:

First, a series of chapters, the fourth through the seventh, in which Heimann demonstrates with ruthless and brilliant logic that a system based on Marxist doctrine must, on that doctrine's own showing, lead to an ever tighter and more totalitarian dictatorship; to the destruction of individuality and creativity; to the snuffing out of religion and, in consequence, the deification of man; to the end of liberty—even the liberty to sin. Heimann, like others of our best contemporary writers on Marxism, takes it *seriously*—and in the twofold sense that a) he deems it a coherent doctrine by which Communists are actually guided and b) he is ready, perhaps more ready than the others I mention, to contemplate the possibility that the future really does belong to it, and that the Communists really will, by emasculation of man, actually make the future correspond to their expectations about it. This is a part of the book that readers, perhaps especially conservative readers, should master and make their own.

Secondly, a chapter, the third, which offers a critique of the "social sciences": Because each of them, by definition, studies only a segment of an arbitrarily demonstrated segment of reality, reality eludes them as a matter of course, and along with it, the major problems both of society and of man. Because they seek to identify and nail down the *regularities* to be assured within the several segments, that which is particular, individual, eludes them also. But these criticisms (neither of them novel, but both urged with cogency and insight) do not, for Heimann, constitute grounds for dismissing the social sciences; within their limits, rather, he regards them as "successes," able in fact to tell us what the regularities are.

That is, they do provide us with reliable information, and that information does have an important bearing upon *most* of what happens in history —*i.e.*, on that part of what happens in history that is determined, that part, therefore, with respect to which we are *not* free, that part which *is* foreseeable. Human freedom, the highest expression of which is creativity, operates so to speak within the interstices of the regularities the social sciences observe; and in creativity, so conceived, lies our one hope against the Soviet Union. For that it is which gives us constitutional democracy, through which we transcend the nationalistic individualism that is our official explanation of our "system," through which, in turn, we transcend the observed (and determined) regularities that lead us on toward our doom.

Here, still again, let the reader take to heart most of what Heimann has to say, and not be put off by the author's unfortunate confusion of love and justice with egalitarianism, or even by his pretense, which surely it is in so learned a man, that he is unaware of other possible specifications of love and justice. (Free-market buffs, by the way, will find Heimann much less hostile than most social democrats.)

Finally, a line of argument whose major theses are: The roots of democracy are in Christianity; but

Random Notes

● Movies: Dimitri Tiomkin, the Mad John Martin of Hollywood soundtracks ($25,000 for *How the West Was Won,* $50,000 for *The Guns of Navarone*), is to get $62,500 for the tune to melodramatize the Titanus epic *Sodom and Gomorrah.* What magnificent antiques these grand things will make! Our own chromolithographs, moral as Hell, but this time with music, and music that one can imagine only as "The Battle of Prague" fissionized. . . . And in the great cycle of repetition and imitation that keeps the mills of Hollywood astir, the classic *Boom Town* is coming up for rehash with Marlon Brando, Steve McQueen, Natalie Wood and Capucine. . . . Of all the movies, by the way, which went into production last year, 70 per cent were adapted from fiction; 15 per cent from plays; 15 per cent only were original scripts.

● Coming Up: Will Geer, it seems, is going to top off his career with an impersonation of Walt Whitman, off-Broadway, using the poet's own text. *The Affrontery of Walt Whitman* is a thought that comes to mind for a title. . . . Albert Finney is to be the Reformer, as in London, in the New York production of John Osborne's *Luther* next fall. The text of the play has been published here by Criterion Books. . . . What with an Iliad and an Odyssey coming up soon between the ads on the vacuum tube, the doctors of pop kulch, we submit, can compare the coaxial version a) with the splendid one in *Alley Oop* of New Deal days, b) with the modern Greek versions in which Odysseus plays soccer against the British Navy and cavorts among the Thompson subs of a country called Tsikago, c) with Kirk Douglas' grim reading of the role.

● Books: Jessamyn West, who wrote *The Friendly Persuasion,* gives us in *The Quaker Reader* (Viking, $6.95) a rich collection of Friends' writings and sayings from George Fox to Elizabeth Gray Vining, tutor to the Japanese Crown Prince. An excellent survey of plain prose and quiet goodness, often in heroic straits. . . . Alan Valentine's *1913: America Between Two Worlds* (Macmillan, $5) is too loosely pasted up to be good nostalgia and too free of analysis to be good history. Light reading for the mildly curious.

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democracy, as it develops through time, appears to result in the decline of Christian religious belief and an attendant rise of agnostic skepticism. The latter, for a time, seems consistent with the maintenance of moral standards and more purpose in democratic society, but experience shows, in due course, that that is an illusion. Democracy needs a basically Christian population, but must not so much as flirt (that way lies clericalism!) with the idea of elevating Christianity to the status of a public orthodoxy. Heimann seems content, in the present volume, merely to pose the problem (without, however, so much as mentioning the natural law as a possible way out), not to try to "solve" it. But every thoughtful reader of his book will look forward to hearing from him further about it.

Poetry

Care, Not Madness

HUGH KENNER

THAT her poems are, some of them, highly sophisticated toys, or that the custodians of magazine sophistication have from time to time found her typescripts not incompatible with the chic curiosities they market, should blind no intent reader to Marianne Moore's invigorating probity. The least poem of hers is no more pointless than a fine Swiss watch, an instrument which performs, it is true, in a time of Saturn boosters, no conspicuously useful displacement of matter.

A Marianne Moore Reader. Viking, $6.95

. . . When large dainty
fingers tremblingly divide the wings
of the fly for mid-July
with a needle and wrap it with peacock-tail
or tie wool and
buzzard's wing, their pride
is in care, not madness. . . .

And with "pride in care" goes (I borrow words she once applied to Carey Thomas' biographer) "her relentless justice, a Vermeer of circumstance and idiosyncrasy." For though poets, like enchanters, may turn our wits, Miss Moore's concern for forty years has been to fix our attention on the exact catching of something, however minute, exactly caught, if only in a sentence recovered from the *Illustrated London News.* "My writing is, if not a cabinet of fossils, a kind of collection of flies in amber"; with brief quotations, punctiliously ascribed, embedded in the quirky stanzas as by an eccentric librarian.

It is verse for a time of miscellaneous knowledge, the kind which floods into our houses by every mail and through every loudspeaker. Poetry has no ancient tradition for dealing or declining to deal with atomized information, since the very concept of a "fact," a particle of knowledge, was unheard of until the seventeenth century. Donne's successors flirted briefly with facts, but by the mid-nineteenth century they had become

the monopoly of novelists, who used them to recreate the texture of random attention, while most poets had decided that the function of poetry was to shield the mind from their minute distractions. Miss Moore, however, sees no contradiction between detailed curiosity and the poet's obligation to clarify our lives. So into her poems flow facts, in an unprecedented stream of clippings from magazines, press releases, circulars, newspapers. What the poem enacts is the art of coping with them.

The method was clearer, and I think its successes more frequent, in the poems written prior to the 1951 collection, from which the *Reader* gives a disappointingly thin sampling. But even flawed poems from the later volumes will illustrate her concern for criteria that matter. "Style," for example, fixes for five stanzas on that slippery notion with a resourceful intentness that the casual reader will soon find baffling and the intent reader exhausting. But never repeating itself, nor asking the same question twice, it hovers entranced in the vicinity of two dancers, a tennis-player, a guitarist, purging its observations of irrelevance, its purpose fixed on an effort of analysis as exacting as the chemist's, a quest of pure style.

Style
reviews in Escudero's constant of
the plumbline,
axis of the hairfine moon . . .

by which point, with the poem two lines old, we have learned three things. 1) Style is something that revives as the performance resumes; it is not for ever platonically *there.* 2) It is an unstated constant, related to what the performer does as the invisible plumbline is related to his gyrations. 3) It is helpful to transpose those gyrations and that plumbline into the domain of a calmer figure; thus the hairfine moon implies a sphere with an axis.

Another line, and the moon's equilibrium between centrifugal force and gravitation has brought us back to another maneuver of Escudero's:

—his counter-camber of the skater.

And then for the first time, lest we derive too Pythagorean a view of Style, Escuadero's voluntary mannerisms enter:

No more fanatical adjuster
of the tilted hat
than Escudero; of tempos others
can't combine.

Having moved in this way with diligent fascination past instance after instance (Dr. Williams long ago commented on Miss Moore's "distaste for lingering"), the poem finally declares that it is powerless to supply an equivalent for what it has investi-

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gated: "There is no suitable simile." But one can be fabricated:

It is as though
the equidistant three tiny arcs of
seeds in a banana
had been conjoined by Palestrina;

and if no one but Miss Moore would have thought of that possibility, its justice remains, combining microscopic observation with a characteristic crisscrossing between the natural order and the order of art.

She is fond of such crisscrossings, and always felicitous in invoking them:

Propriety
is some such word
as the chord
Brahms had heard
from a bird
sung down near the root of the
throat;
it's the little downy woodpecker
spiralling up a tree—
up up up like mercury: . . .

This time, against the solemn implications of "Propriety," we find counterpointed from the first words of the poem the grace of the poet's performance, the bird-call sounding through four not-quite-exact rhymes, the delicate rhythmic authority ("sung dówn near the róot of the thróat"), the kinesthetic "up up up" whose gesture hops with the woodpecker. This is entrancing enough to take the Victorian curse off the connotations of what is Proper; a little later, having attributed Propriety to such delicate obduracies as

The fish-spine
on firs, on
somber trees
by the sea's
walls of wave-worn rock, . . .

she can break in with a good-natured remonstrance that fits the decorum of this highly impersonal poem in a way one would not have thought possible:

Come, come. It's
mixed with wits;
it's not a graceful sadness. It's
resistance with bent head, like
foxtail
millet's. . . .

Somewhere in the poem she generally does break in, like La Fontaine, whose *Fables* held her attention for so many years. And always the next turning is unforeseeable.

None of this is mere fuss. It derives from intentness of purpose and a willingness to take risks, any risk, a willingness we encounter throughout the prose selections in the *Reader*. She is even willing to undertake an appreciative essay on the most hackneyed of subjects, Abraham Lincoln, through whose record she moves with such confidence that we seem to be reading of Lincoln for the first time. And she did not turn a hair when the *Herald Tribune* asked her to review an anthology of largely Beat poetry. "Good content, as Samuel Butler said, is usually matched by good treatment, and poets specializing in 'organs and feelings'—severed from culture and literature, dogged by redundance and stench—have a stiff task." That is as much of a rebuke as the apostle of Propriety permits herself, in the course of salvaging by quotation some really fine details.

Half her secret is a power of attention, and so of discrimination, which nothing can ruffle; the other half she states at the end of her Preface: "Man's chief difference from the brutes lies in the exuberant excess of his subjective propensities. Prune his extravagance, sober him, and you undo him." As usual, at the point of a crucial formulation, she takes the supreme risk of allowing someone else to phrase it; the words belong to William James.

Grim Cul de Sac

M. STANTON EVANS

IN 1907, Walter Rauschenbush, a Hell's Kitchen preacher and freelance theologian, published a book called *Christianity and the Social Crisis*. In it he argued that Christendom should relax its emphasis on individual salvation, fuse with the reverse theology of Darwin, and Say Yes to the supreme imperative of modern life—the law of change. Since publication of that watershed document, Protestantism's emphasis on "change" has become increasingly pronounced, its commitment to basic Christian values increasingly obscure. Today, to me, as a committed Protestant, a huge segment of it seems thoroughly evolutionized, socialized and bureaucratized, and speaks to our condition distressingly often in the flat tones of Liberal secularism.

The Churches and Rapid Social Change, by Paul Abrecht. Doubleday, $3.95

Man in Rapid Social Change, by Egbert de Vries. Doubleday, $4.50

To what denouement this strain in Theological Discourse can lead is now spelled out for us by the World Council of Churches, topmost echelon of the ecumenical bureaucracy. The World Council has brought forth two books dealing with the subject of "rapid social change"—one entitled *Man in Rapid Social Change*, the other *The Churches and Rapid Social Change*. Twin progeny of an official WCC study concerning the so-called "underdeveloped" nations, the books may be viewed as something like official statements in behalf of international Protestantism. *Man in Rapid Social Change*, by The Hague's Egbert De Vries, suffers from a yen for abstractions and a chronic on-the-other-handedness, and thus comes to no certain conclusion. Suffice it to say it is imbued throughout with a Rauschenbushian commitment to "change" and "progress." The second book, by WCC official Paul Abrecht, is not so confined to generalities. It makes perfectly explicit all the tendencies latent in the Social Gospel position, and they are frightening to behold.

The composite message of the two volumes might be paraphrased as follows: The world is convulsed by massive upheavals in which values and customs are being quickly altered; in these circumstances the old effort of the Christian churches to convert the heathen is not only ineffective—but more or less irrelevant; the church must revise its approach to "the lesser breeds without the law," and adapt its message to

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their moods and their desires. By this reasoning, the Christian mission in the world becomes something very much like working for larger foreign aid appropriations—always without strings attached. It also becomes, as is writ large in Abrecht's book, to abandon commitment to the West, to throw in with the non-Western nations against the West.

Abrecht comes to this odd conclusion by a two-stage process. First, in an argument discreetly attributed to others, he suggests that Western civilization is not really Christian at all; that Christianity heretofore has been an instrument for "cultural imperialism" perpetrated by the West against its non-Western neighbors. In Mr. Abrecht's egalitarian categories, to identify Christianity with the culture which professes it, and whose value system is informed by it, is rank discrimination.

HAVING *separated* Christianity from the West, Abrecht next attempts to turn it *against* the West. Stating the alternatives confronting Western churches, he asks: "Where does their moral responsibility lie: In preserving Western political and economic power as a kind of Christian bastion from which they may hope to influence the direction of political and social development in other countries? Or in recognizing that attempts to hold on to Western political power are self-defeating, and that the Western world is *inevitably* in political decline with the rise to power of the new nations, representing as they do the great mass of the world's people?" (*Italics added.*) In context, it is quite clear that Abrecht favors the second alternative—suggesting, in effect, that the duty of the Christian church is to turn its back on Christian civilization, and the sooner the better.

The lengths to which he is willing to carry this bizarre thesis may be gathered from his comments concerning totalitarianism in non-Western nations. Of the ruthless dictatorships imposed on such countries as Ghana and Indonesia, he observes: ". . . there is very little which the Church can say in criticism of the one-party system because in most countries there is as yet no alternative and very little possibility of creating one very quickly. Insofar as the Church has any influence on the situation, its first responsibility in political life is

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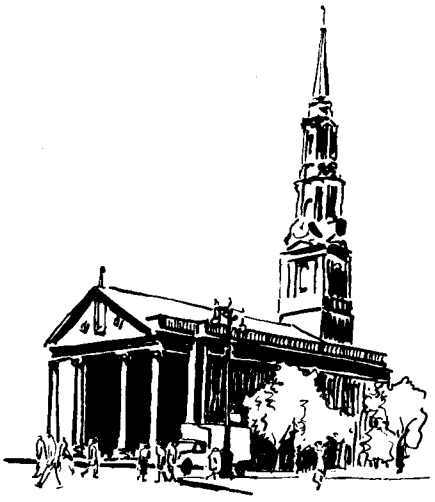
to support a government which seems to offer the possibility of effective social change and progress, *even though it knows this involves great risks of oppression.*" (Italics added.)

If this seems extreme, Mr. Abrecht has more outrageous counsel yet.



After a ritual bow to the commonplace that Christianity and Bolshevism are philosophically incompatible, he cites "many" Christians in Asia, Africa and Latin America as believing the following: "Given the strength of Communism in many countries and the weakness or absence of democratic political alternatives, Christianity may be confronted with the need to give at least limited support to Communists. In some situations a Communist-backed party or government is the only practical medium of action for Christians who want to express their concern for political order and justice. In the political alignment in many situations, so it is argued, Communism is not the greatest evil, and the Christian has no choice but to work with them or to support reactionary political movements." The parenthetical "so it is argued," a characteristic device with Abrecht, does little to disguise the clear implication that the opinion expressed is his own. And let us keep in mind that, as Executive Secretary of the Department of Church and Society of the World Council, Mr. Abrecht is an anointed spokesman for "Protestantism."

Few advocates of the Social Gospel are so blatant in their "progressivism" as Abrecht. The fact remains that he has merely thrust forward to its logical conclusion the doctrine to which they all, to greater or lesser degree, subscribe. Having committed itself to "change" as the supreme virtue, Liberal Protestantism is unable to stand outside change and assess it. It has abandoned its moral faculty to the fluid imperatives of relativism. And in these circumstances, there is nothing to foreclose the possibility of its supporting Communists when they happen to be the principal agents of "change." Thus is history's greatest moral force within the world reduced to the status, when occasion demands, of handmaiden to history's most consummate evil.

This is, of course, the grim *cul de sac* of all Liberal ideology, which has yielded so much of the world to Communism. It is bad enough in any circumstances, but when it is put forward as the substance of "Christian witness" to the world, it becomes something more grotesque than mere wrongheadedness; it carries about it a distasteful fragrance of sulphur.

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Science Fiction

Of Times and Tithes

THEODORE STURGEON

OUR DEPARTMENT this time is devoted to intimate matters like social disease, the art of definition, criticism-of-criticism and You-the-gentle reader.

The other day we folded a magazine to a certain paragraph (what it was is not germane) and handed it to our ten-year-old with the remark that this was *very* interesting. He took the material by its margins, aimed his nose correctly, and then, before he began to read, "What," he demanded, "is it about?" Hold on to that.

Dictum: The research, the care, the intelligence, the articulation, the agonies of distillation required to evolve a definition of "conservative" are unnecessary. If you want one quick and easy, go ask anyone who is not a conservative, and you'll get one fast. The dumber he is, the faster you'll get it. Hold on to that too.

Back to stanza the first. We do not know if our son asked "What is it about?" because he is ten years old or because he is a child of the times. The children (up to age 102) all around us are falling ill of this disease, the symptoms of which are "Tell me what you are going to say before you say it." The result is apparent at the news shop. Down go the general magazines, which used to have something for everybody in them. Up by polychrome dozens come the new specialized ones. There goes a man from *Esquire,* with a little bag of sugar and a little bag of salt, to start a trend. There are adventures in the adventure books, confessions in the confession books, and in the women's books there is whatever it is they're full of, but you know what it is before you lay a hand on it.

Now back to stanza the second: You want to define conservatism, you open this drawer, see, you throw in Tower and Goldwater and Rockwell and Pelley and quick slam it shut. Over the crack you put this label. The labels they got nowadays, you know, pressure sensitive; well, you can whang one of those on real permanent with a blow of your eyelash. Likewise if you want to define science fiction you take a moldy copy of Verne, mix it up with some uninventoried machine parts, wrap it up in a brightly colored funny paper with Buck Rogers in big red letters and slam the drawer on it.

All you have to be in either case is ignorant. It is now time and past time to draw your attention to the fact that we wrote "a definition"—not "a correct definition" nor even "*the* definition." It is also time to illuminate the fact that sf cannot be categorized like the Westerns, the girlie books, and the Liz Hates Eddie screen magazines.

(Continued on p. 301)

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Fritz Leiber says in the current *Fantasy and Science Fiction* (sf's most literate journal):

> The genius of science fiction lies in action, in risk-taking, in the exploration of the unknown. Or to give it a more distinguished title, it lies in the making of an artistic amateur sort of *Gedankenexperimenten*, meaning those technically unfeasible experiments which can be made only in the researcher's thoughts. The prize example is Einstein imagining a man in a windowless rocket accelerating at a steady one G and unable to distinguish this force from that of gravitation—and there is solid satisfaction in remembering that Einstein had to indulge in a scientifictive fancy in order to create the General Theory of Relativity.
>
> . . . But there is this that distinguishes science fiction's *Gedankenexperimenten* from those of science herself: the sf ones may range from sober likelihood to whimsy and sheer insanity, from stuff just across the border of established fact to the wildest crackpottery. . . . What the purist can legitimately demand is that wherever the author takes off from, he be completely honest, remember science, keep his eyes open and see all he can—not flinch from any dark wall in popular or scientific world-view or in his own mind. The sf writer's noblest task is this: to awaken, in a story, a world on the very edge of impossibility, and then, in the midst of the story, on the verge between the written and the unwritten, to study and search with all the passion of a scientist scrutinizing his experiment, or an analyst his patient's thought-stream, or a Holmes a Moriarty, or a lover his beloved.

In an earlier strophe (*NR*, September 23) this department freely conceded that sf, like everything else, is 90 per cent unadulterated crud. Mr. Leiber's remarks, and those that follow, come very close to determining the nature of that precious tithe.

The remarks that follow came to us in a private communication, and are from one of the greatest sf writers who ever lived. It pleases us to find it essential to point out that in thus castigating sf's critics, he specifically excepts us; it was to this end that he wrote the letter. Rumor has it that this gentleman's tongue is studded with silicon carbide, he brushes his teeth with a blowtorch, and his toenails are four inches long:

"There has grown up an extremely conservative orthodoxy in science fiction, spineless, boneless, suffocating. It is almost amorphous but I can sketch the vague outlines. It is do-goodish and quasi-socialist—but not Communist; this kind of critic wouldn't recognize dialectical materialism if it hit him in the face. It is both 'democratic' and 'civil libertarian' without the slightest understanding that these two powerful and explosive concepts can frequently be in direct conflict, each with the other. It is egalitarian, pacifist, and anti-racist—with no notion that these concepts might ever clash. . . .

"Perhaps this new orthodoxy can best be epitomized by the concept of the Galactic Civilization which the Human Race will presently be invited to join—just as soon as it demonstrates its racial maturity by becoming pacifist to the last man. Or, conversely, the human race is not fit to join the galactic civilization and must be 'quarantined'. . . .

"The critic who holds subconsciously or consciously to this Women's-Club goodishness picture of the universe squeals like a stuck pig if an author speculatively portrays aliens as real, thoroughgoing bastards who are more likely to eat us than to invite us to join their federation. On the other hand, if they do have a peaceful galactic civilization, and at the same time are so strong and shrewd that we can't eat them for lunch — then they are superior to us. So what becomes of the pious anti-racism which is an essential part of this angels-in-the-sky orthodoxy? Do we revise it to read 'All races are equal except the human race which is savage and inferior'?

"This pious critic will allow any speculation at all, on any subject—as long as it conforms to the unwritten assumptions of the new orthodoxy. However, his twin brother works just across the street—he believes in science fiction 'for amusement only,' —like pinball machines. This one will permit any speculation at all—as long as it is about gadgets and doesn't touch people. You're just an entertainer, see? . . . Heavy Thinking is reserved for C. P. Snow or James Jones or Graham Greene."

We here depose and say that you have had a glimpse of the parameters within which that precious tithe of sf may be found; and that we dedicate ourselves to finding it and sharing it with you.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE LEGACY OF HIROSHIMA, by Edward Teller, with Allen Brown. (Doubleday, $4.95). A psychiatrist friend of mine told me recently that much of the public irrationality on questions of nuclear war can be traced to the ancient human foible, the wish to repress awkward or painful thoughts. Edward Teller, the eminent physicist, whose central role in this country's development of nuclear weapons is unquestioned, resigned his directorship of the Livermore Laboratory in order to free himself to speak on precisely the most awkward and painful topics associated with the nuclear Cold War. This book is his statement. The first part, a scientific biography of nuclear weapons, is a major contribution to current history. The rest of the book bristles with Teller's sharp opinions and stunning objectivity—on disarmament, fallout, peaceful applications, the missile gap, the nuclear gap, man on the moon, Red Chinese nuclear nonthreat, shelters, famous persons. Yet those who, like C. P. Snow, would have scientists run governments, must reckon with the strange mixture of Edward Teller, a genius in science and strategy and a political *ingénu* who is capable of praising the Peace Corps, calling FDR a "prince," urging World Government (nay, predicting it within a century), applauding the UN "miracle" in the Congo. These ughsome notions are clearly separate from Teller's nuclear discourse, however, and the book should be studied by anyone who wishes to open his mouth on the subject. Of controversy the book, being thorny, will start much, as witness the review in the *New York Times*. Teller says, on page 50, "I still feel ashamed" about letting the 1951 report suggesting the practicality of a thermonuclear bomb be signed by himself alone. The *Times* begins by saying, "Edward Teller wears with evident pride the appellation, 'father of the H-bomb.'" W. F. RICKENBACKER

REASON AND GOODNESS, by Brand Blanshard (Macmillan, $7.50). Blanshard further refines Sidgwick's refinements of Utilitarianism—and, in the process, shows how naturally a twentieth-century Bentham would support the Welfare State and the UN. The rationalist, unaware of the *mysterium iniquitatis*, of the unexplored darkness in man, thinks he can assess human acts by their clear effect, without troubling himself over their dark source; and the beneficent despotism of all our enlightened Systems is merely the higher calculus of this merchandising approach to ethics. But in a world where even rationalism is a rare blessing, at a time when ethics is treated as a by-product of language or logic, it is a pleasure to read a philosopher who treats Good not as the predicate of a sentence but as the object of man's pursuit. It is true that he only goes back one century to Sidgwick and Bentham; but that is progress. Step by step, century by century, we may arrive again at something like sanity. After all, once men begin "setting the clock back," it is not hard to choose between a Sidgwick and a Socrates.

G. WILLS

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PRIME MINISTER, by The Earl of Birkenhead (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95). At Harvard in late 1960, Mr. C. P. Snow delivered a series of lectures dealing with the wartime rivalry of the British scientists Sir Henry Tizard and F. A. Lindemann, Viscount Cherwell. Snow made Tizard the hero and Lindemann quite sinister, and in so doing touched off a heated controversy that raged in British journals for months. This authorized biography of Lindemann is an anti-Snow job. As Churchill's personal—and perhaps closest—adviser, Lindemann had great influence not only in scientific matters, but also on everything from rationing to postwar reparations. Having Churchill's ear, he usually won out over his many enemies. And, on the record presented here, he was amazingly accurate in predicting the outcome of some highly complex problems. Although often fascinating, as a biography this book is somewhat disjointed. J. P. MCFADDEN

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To the Editor

Disagrees

So Little Boy Blue could no longer restrain his ego-maniacal impulses. Disregarding seasoned advice he simply had to castigate Robert Welch and those members of the John Birch Society who refuse to remake the Society to suit him. . . . Nevertheless Little Boy Blue tries to split the conservatives with the divide and conquer strategy of the Communists. To say that such insolence and stupidity are displeasing to an old coot who bare-knuckled the Communist-infested National Labor Relations Board to the floor when Little Boy Blue was romping in his nursery is perhaps an understatement.

However, this message closes with a cost-saving suggestion. Remove my name from your hand-out list. Then when you next start out with your little tin cup begging for contributions, save yourself some postage. Don't even try to extract another thousand bucks from me, as I have no appetite for irresponsible, juvenile egotism.

Sevierville, Tenn. A. G. HEINSOHN JR.
(National Council, John Birch Society)

Eeekk!

I became a reader of your magazine through my membership in the John Birch Society. After your vicious attack on Mr. Welch. . . . I hope that your bank balance dwindles down to zero and that you go out of existence. I admired you at one time but now you nauseate me and my wish is that you are placed in the same grave as Gore Vidal.

Lowell, Mass. THOMAS F. BALFREY

Parboiled Paar

Having read through the Jack Paar "episode" just once ["An Evening With Jack Paar," by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., March 27], I cannot believe the evidence of my own eyes. I will have to read it through again to make sure that I get it straight; but if I already have it straight then I am prompted to remark that there is but one "extremism" compared to which all other "extremism" is insignificant—our danger, our clear and present danger, would seem to be "extreme idiocy" on a massive scale. Has it really come to this or is Jack Paar (and his pals) unrepresentative of the "trade"?

Sioux City, Iowa J. A. READ

. . . the most devastating critique I have ever read. If Paar and Vidal have any love for their fellow man at all after this, they'll retire to a cave somewhere and meditate upon their intellectual quackery.

JAMES J. BAUMGARTNER
Mountain Brook, Ala.

. . . a very successful indictment of the total lack of thinking that so often is spouted by the greater and lesser gods of Liberaldom. This is from a reader who, when pressed, would have to identify himself as a "Liberal" and who is a student at the *sanctum sanctorum* of this particular brand of thought—or non-thought, as in the glaring case of Mr. Paar. Although I am not tempted to join the unquestionable student conservative surge, it is obvious to me what lies behind it: the tough-minded clear thinking of the better conservative spokesmen —Mr. Buckley being about the best —compared to the flabby sentimentality of the left-of-center. While I am not prepared to concede any major substantive achievements to the Right, my hat is off to whatever force, political or other, engineered Paar's overdue exit from the airwaves. I would be still more gratified if your magazine and its supporters could jolt the Liberals into a few more meaningful responses. What *we* need is a little less self-determination and perhaps a bit of cannibalism.

Cambridge, Mass. ROGER R. SMITH

Are NBC and the FCC scared of Jack Paar? Under the law and regulations governing TV-radio: a) both sides on controversial subjects are supposed to get a fair chance to present their case; b) effects are not supposed to be faked. On this basis, the networks themselves, and the FCC, frequently intervene to remind producers of their obligations. Paar outrageously violated both rules. He has been hammering away at Buckley and Buckley's views four or five nights since Buckley's appearance.

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And he makes obvious use of such fakes as "the telephone call from Gore Vidal" (in the middle of a show that was being *taped,* not broadcast) —not to mention the pretense that it was only *after* Yale Professor Weiss was in the studio that Paar found out he had been one of Buckley's teachers. So what's the score? Does Paar, also, enjoy diplomatic immunity since he joined the Rat Pack?

Spokane, Wash. C. S. GATES

Why not ask NBC and the FCC?—ED.

Allow me to congratulate and thank you for the beautiful and complete excoriation of America's Public Enemy No. 1. Mr. Paar should read more of the transcript of his soporific programs to learn something of the banality, tautology and fallacy with which he gorges his TV audience.

Meriden, Conn. JOSEPH G. RAYMOND

Letter of the Law?

In his review of Bruno Leoni's *Freedom and the Law* [March 13] Henry Hazlitt suggests that an appropriate remedy for uncertainty in the law would be to reduce "the principles of common law to explicit and precise written form." Such an approach seems to overlook the fact that unjust and irrational decisions more often result from strict adherence to the "single plain meaning" of statutes than from a more reasonable interpretation in light of context and purpose. In short, it is fallacious to consider statutes as representing "explicit and precise" written commands.

Menlo Park, Cal. W. EDWARD CHYNOWETH

Lessons in Logic

I was not impressed with Mr. Wall's argumentation ["Notes and Asides," March 27]. After a moment of consideration one realizes that he did not demonstrate that "X should not be in public service." Indeed, I was sorely saddened that *NR* fell to so unsubstantial a manner of disputation as the dilemma, for the combatant can easily grasp the dilemma by the horns and therewith gore the dialectician himself. Have you ever noticed the conclusion that follows when you transpose the consequents and change their quality? However, sirs, not only do I think your manner of disputation deplorable, I think your conclusion worse than worthless. There is indeed a place for a man of Mr. Rowan's glittering talents in public service: Washington needs a garbageman to dispose of his empty speeches.

Pittsburgh, Pa. D. F. GUERRIERI

After reading E. H. Wall's splendid dissection of Secretary Rowan's gobbledygook, I turned the page to Cato, who unfortunately, and along with Representative Walter, needs to attend Mr. Wall's class in logic. When Mr. Walter charges that a double standard is employed when men who subscribed to the *Brown* vs. *Board of Education* decision do not subscribe to the Scales decision, although both are the law of the land laid down by the Supreme Court, he fails to realize that 1) for a man categorically to subscribe to the decisions of the Supreme Court because they are the law of the land is to exchange a double standard for no standard at all, and 2) they are both civil liberties cases and Justice Black's dissent in the Scales case is part of a consistent "absolutist" view of civil liberties. Thus it is Representative Walter who is inconsistent.

New York City GENE CHAVKIN

Go Home, Little Sheba!

In an article entitled "*America's* Bull" [March 27], you asked the question: "Why are so many Catholics tagging along with *America*?" I cannot speak for others, but this Catholic—far from "tagging along"—has been desperately trying to shake them off for months now. I warned them in advance several times that I would not renew my subscription; and when they still sent me a bill almost three months ago, I sent it back to them. And yet it still comes. I would be grateful to you if you could suggest a method to shake them off.

Chandler, Ariz. ALAN A. KEITH

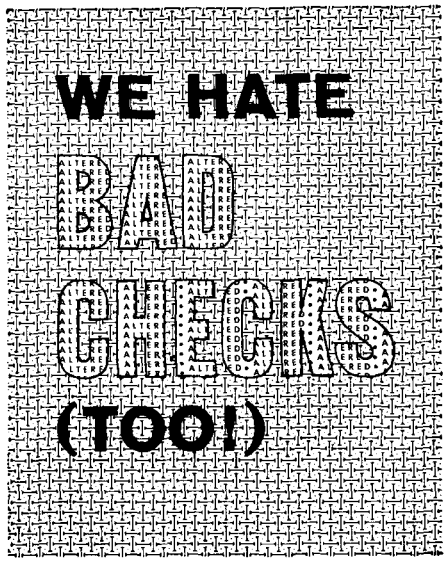
Okay!

Mr. Parmentel ["Rome and A Fella," March 13], I get the picture. I'm with you.

New York City ROSEMARY MCGRATH

Coming in Clear

. . . from the press reports I had thought that Father Cronin's pamphlet "Communism: Threat to Freedom" concentrated entirely on the sins of the radical Right and made only passing reference to Communism. Your interesting analysis [April 10] helped throw the whole matter back into focus. . . . Incidentally, it



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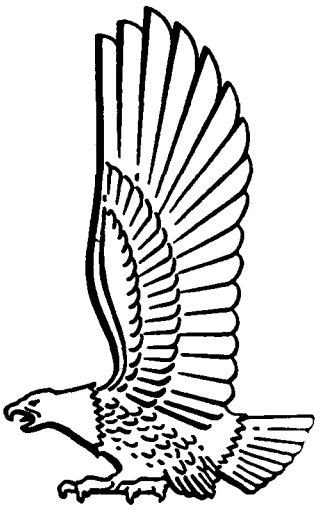

"Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love of justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves. Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters."

Edmund Burke
In a letter to the National Assembly

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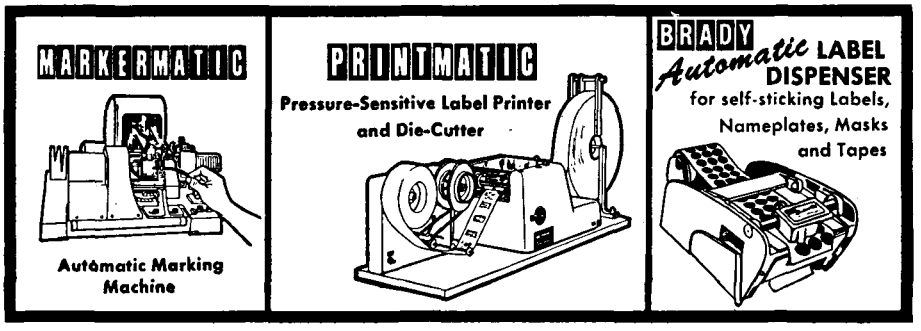

was probably a slip, but Father Cronin is S.S., not S.J. as you reported.

New York City WARREN JEROME

No Palm for Beachniks

A salute to Robert Lewis Taylor ["On the Palm Beach Frontier," April 10] and *NR* for exposing the "double standard" of Liberalism's spokesmen. When Liberals fail to practice the equality they preach, they cannot piously denounce those who, lacking the choice at the polls, vote with their feet and abandon integrated "transition" neighborhoods.

Brooklyn, N.Y. D. F. B.

From Robert Lewis Taylor's article one would gather that, either the author is suffering from the botts, or the piece was edited with a dull bread-knife—or both. That a rich man stands forth as champion of the common man, or that an exponent of civil rights puts up in a segregated town may constitute incongruities, but while such incongruities make good epigrams, and even paragraphs, they make only very poor sermons. In this life one has his choice: you can preach like Billy Sunday or smirk like Stephen Leacock—one or the other, not both. You can rant like Drew Pearson (who used the segregated-residence gambit once trying to do down Richard Nixon), or dither like Eisenhower, but again, not both.

The segregation business goes well enough, if there's much telling matter in such things, but the final paragraph of this section lurches drunkenly into a quaint poke at Harvard (does the ms.?—I get the impression that some transitional material was lost). But directly we are swept up in a new jeremiad about the wealth of the Kennedys. Its relevance is invisible, but its content is the real cause of shooting pains.

All this may have a nice laxative effect upon the author, but his readers are left somewhat bemused as to his purpose. Is he against money? Is he against the Kennedys having money? He demonstrates such a tangle of emotions that one can conclude that he would like to do something about the situation, but what? Maybe he wants to *commit* them; this is the only solution that occurs to me. Then again it seems that he wants to commit the editors of *Look*.

Toronto, Canada DOUGLAS J. STEWART

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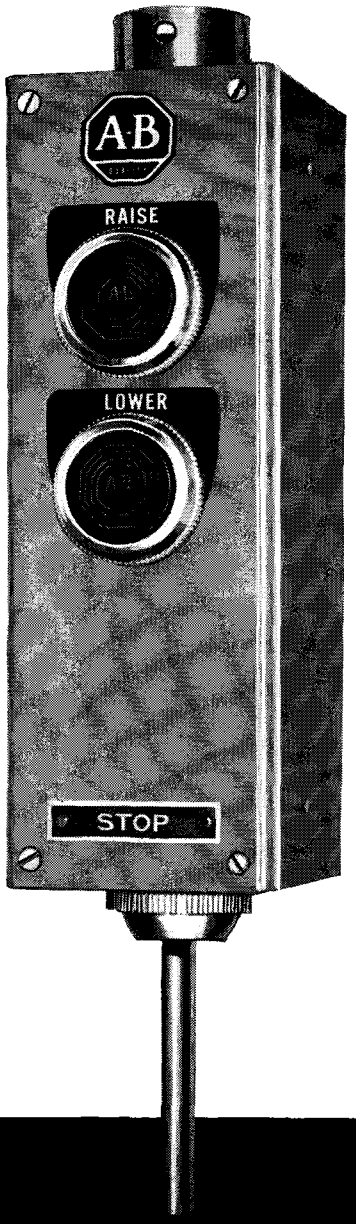

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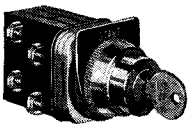
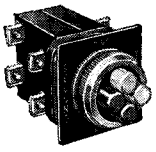
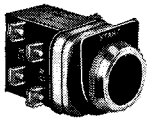


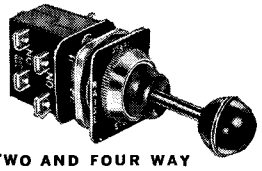
PUSH BUTTON WITH CYLINDER LOCK available for locking in one or all positions.



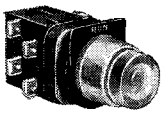
PILOT LIGHT CLUSTER with four transformer-type lamps—all different colors.



FLUSH HEAD PUSH BUTTON—also made with extended head.

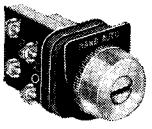


TWO AND FOUR WAY SWITCHES made with spring return or maintained position.



ILLUMINATED PUSH BUTTON combines pilot light and push button in single unit. Also metal guard available.

PUSH-TO-TEST PILOT LIGHT—six different lens colors. Transformer or full voltage pilot light available.



COIN SLOT SELECTOR SWITCH—two or three position operation. Available with a variety of operators.

JUST AS GOOD AS THEY LOOK

Among users and buyers, it is not uncommon to assume that "all oiltight stations are alike—they all work!" But, should not something more be added to this story?

There is no part of your machine with which the operator comes in contact more often than the oiltight control units. Use Allen-Bradley control units because they become an identifiable mark of quality for your machine—they have an established reputation for quality, and are generally known to command a quality price. This is proof that *only quality* is considered in the machines which you build.

Also, Allen-Bradley offers thousands of combinations of control unit operating assemblies, contact blocks, mountings and accessories—a freedom of selection that means your exact requirements can *always* be satisfied.

Naturally, there is much more to the Allen-Bradley control story. Therefore, let's get together for a detailed discussion. Please write: Allen-Bradley Co., 1210 South Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

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